ALLENDE'S FIRST YEAR **JEFF RADFORD**

THE NATION

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LETTERS

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Waterloo, Ont., Canada

DEAR SIRS: A rather fundamental error should be noted in Susan Welch's otherwise useful and informative article, "Vietnam: How the Press Went Along" [*The Nation*, Oct. 11]. I refer especially to the sentence beginning "After the division of Vietnam at Geneva. . . ." No matter how many times the elementary facts are repeated, this mistaken interpretation still crops up. . . .

The Geneva Accords did not "divide" Vietnam. On the contrary, they held to the principle of one united Vietnam and set forth the procedures to achieve this objective. . . . When President Eisenhower lent his support to Diem's refusal to participate in the nationwide election, the United States torpedoed the Geneva Accords and set in motion the train of events that followed. . . .

The sentence questioned is evidently not an oversight on the author's part. Still another quotes *The Washington Post* in reference to "the independent nations" established at Geneva. Here a [*sic*] might have been placed after independent nations, but the quote is accepted without question. . . .

T. A. Bisson

learning and forgetting

Norwich, Vt.

DEAR SIRS: As far as it goes, Susan Welch's piece on the press and Vietnam is a valuable and sardonic comment on the post-1966 newspaper doves. However, equating communism with absolute evil, as most Americans do, can hardly be said to have begun with our involvement in Vietnam or even Korea. The identification had been made long before 1871, as press reports on the Paris Commune prove. Indeed, the authors of the Communist Manifesto were fully aware in 1848 of the repugnance with which the idea of "scientific socialism" would be greeted by the Establishment everywhere, including the United States. . . .

Until the Vietnamese debacle no mass-circulation newspaper has ever objectively or even intelligently discussed the ideas of communism, either in relation to the well-developed West or the underdeveloped rest of the world. . . . Anti-communism has always been a disease in America that the press has gleefully and independently spread, sometimes to epidemic proportions. Apparently it sincerely believed that capitalism could not exist in this world if communism were permitted to exist anywhere. . . . Now . . . the press seems to have realized that the established capitalist nations can and must live with those whose only hope of raising their living standards under 20th-century conditions lies in some form of socialism. If, unlike the French Bourbons, press and leaders can learn something as well as forget something, the years of benighted and self-imposed stupidity on the part of even our greatest newspapers may yet be turned to some profit.

Nicholas Biel

secrets from the CIA

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: With the exposure of the papers from the Media, Pa. FBI office last spring, the investigation of Army surveillance activities, and finally the publication of the Pentagon Papers, the public has had an unparalleled opportunity to understand the similarity of the government's foreign and domestic covert action programs. The most sophisticated arm of the U.S. secret agentry—the CIA—had, however, escaped public scrutiny until last month. Now major excerpts from a secret document which details the CIA's global strategies have been made public. The complete text of the document, "Intelligence and Foreign Policy," together with an introduction and other studies of the CIA's activities is available for $1 (plus 25¢ for postage and handling) from the Africa Research Group, P.O. Box 213, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

Africa Research Group

EDITORIALS

Remember Cambodia?

Unless you are an assiduous Nixon-watcher, you probably don't. Nor do many Americans remember the promises of early victory that President Nixon made at the time of his "incursion" a year and a half ago. But there are those who do remember—in particular, Sen. Mike Mansfield. Supplying a preamble of his own, he inserted in the *Congressional Record* (October 13, pp. S16251-16256) a series of three articles on Cambodia, written by T. D. Allman for the Manchester *Guardian*, which show up Mr. Nixon as a peerless master of bamboozlement, and a majority of the American people as political dupes. Not that they are incapable of understanding but that they are so wrapped up in their personal concerns that it is easy to victimize them.

In his introduction, Mansfield points out that, before the invasion and the overthrow of Sihanouk, not one cent of American aid was going to Cambodia. Now we are well started on our first billion of military and economic support, without the slightest indication of when we shall be able to get the Lon Nol regime off our backs. Without our support, that so-called government would fall apart within a few weeks.

While Sihanouk was clinging to power, his country was at peace. It was a peace as precarious as Sihanouk's tenure, but the people lived without fear of looting, rape, destruction of their homes and sudden death. Small areas on the Cambodian-South Vietnamese border were controlled by the North Vietnamese or Vietcong, who by all the available evidence behaved in a civilized manner. Now the Cambodians are at the mercy of the South Vietnamese who, supported by American artillery and air power, renew their forays, and are feared and hated by the Cambodians, whom they regard as hereditary enemies and legitimate victims. And, to cap the irony, enemy "sanctuaries" now comprise the greater part of Cambodia.

Allman shows that this ruinous reversal was engineered by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, which continues to make the Cambodian people its pawns in the unremitting quest for victory in Indochina. In 1963 the CIA was supporting anti-Sihanouk insurgents and Sihanouk sent the whole American mission packing, thus depriving the CIA of its cover. In 1969 diplomatic relations were resumed, with the understanding that the CIA would not return. But, although the State Department tried to adhere to this agreement, the CIA transmitted promises of support to the anti-Sihanouk elements and, when hostilities broke out, sent teams of Laotian mercenaries into Cambodia, along with Cambodians trained in South Vietnam. Together, these supplemented the open American invasion, which lasted one month, and in which 350 Americans died and hundreds of others were wounded.

All of this was done to save Cambodia for the "Free World," Sihanouk having made it clear that he would not stooge for Washington's definition of that term. Now Lon Nol has declared that he will no longer "play the game of democracy and freedom," since that interferes with winning the war we are paying him to fight. The idiocy of our Asian policy is again graphically displayed.

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American aid to the Lon Nol faction in Cambodia is largely clandestine. Visible expenditures, such as the U.S. appropriation of $235 million in fiscal 1971 and the $310 million requested by the Administration for 1972, are estimated by Allman to amount to less than half the total. The cost of U.S. bombing in Cambodia and of U.S. tactical support, the cost of training thousands of Cambodian troops abroad, are not included. Allman estimates that, while the United States is ostensibly withdrawing from the region, the cost to the American taxpayer alone will amount during the next eleven months to about $1 billion—and with no end in sight.

The Cambodianization of the war is a fraud. Without active American military support, the Lon Nol and Thieu military effort would collapse. Within the past few weeks American TV has carried pictures of American 8-inch cannon firing at Communist positions, and American patrols going into action to protect Cambodian (or South Vietnamese) positions along the Cambodian-South Vietnamese border. Every week, thousands of tons of explosives are dropped on suspected enemy centers. On October 18, U.S. Air Force jets, flying in support of South Vietnamese troops near the Cambodian border, killed eighteen ARVN soldiers and wounded others. This was a mishap, but when the USAF is more successful, the media tell tall stories of scores of Communist dead, while the South Vietnamese suffer only light casualties.

There is also a well-founded suspicion that American advisers are working with the Cambodian forces, and that their role will increase. *Newsweek* (October 18) quotes an American diplomat in Phnom Penh: "The pressure to increase the military presence here is very strong. There are simply too many officers losing their jobs in Saigon. These men are worried about their careers, and you don't become a general by sitting behind a desk in Washington." What with the promotion-hunger of the military, the machinations of the CIA, and the habitual deceptions of the Administration, the American people are once more being led by the nose deeper into Southeast Asia.

The New Stall

By a twenty-three vote margin, the House has blocked a direct vote in that body on Senator Mansfield's proposed amendment to the military procurement authorization bill to withdraw all troops from Vietnam within the next six months, provided the prisoners of war are released. Last June, a similar measure lost in the House by a margin of forty-four votes. This time, the White House applied strong pressure on the House leadership and called in some forty Congressmen whose votes were in doubt for vigorous arm-twisting. Even with this pressure the Republican leadership had to resort to some tricky parliamentary maneuvering to get the votes it needed. Rep. Charles W. Whalen, Jr. (R., Ohio) made a strong plea for a direct vote on the amendment, pointing out the absurdity of debating a question of "germaneness" when what was at stake were American and Vietnamese lives.

It is obvious from this latest vote that the House, which has been consistently less willing than the Senate to pass such resolutions (the current Mansfield amendment carried in the Senate by a vote of 57 to 38), is now

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beginning to turn against the war, or, more accurately, is becoming more willing to have anti-war votes recorded on the eve of an election year. But the Administration has won another round in its stalling operation, thereby gaining a little more time to carry on its program of war by Vietnamization. Obviously, the President hopes to keep public opinion on the war reasonably quiescent until after November 1972, and he may well succeed. In the recent debate, Rep. Gerald Ford tipped the Administration's hand on the question of tactics. The President, he said, will soon be going to Peking and Moscow on important peace missions. Therefore, we must not carry on anti-war agitations while he is so engaged.

We shall hear this argument repeated in a dozen different forms. Give me more time, the President will say, so that I can continue to explore the possibilities of achieving peace at the summit. He can maintain this line of defense well into 1972, perhaps through the spring and summer. The Democrats should, therefore, resume their attacks on the war policies of the Administration. The prisoners-of-war issue is not insuperable. It can be negotiated separately from the issue of establishing a timetable for complete withdrawal of all U.S. troops. But when one looks at the way the war is being stepped up in Cambodia, there is reason to doubt that this Administration intends, or wants, to end the war in Vietnam on any terms that do not imply a continuance of the Saigon regime.

'Those Damned Rules'

Out of the debacle of the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago came a strong movement within the party for the reform of convention procedures. Two commissions were set up to review the existing rules and make recommendations for their revision. The National Committee, reflecting the strong sentiment for reform, unanimously approved the major recommendations of both commissions. In view of these actions, all that was needed to assure the rank and file of the party—and the public—that the debacle of Chicago would not be repeated, was a clear indication that the new rules would be enforced. The candidacy of Sen. Harold Hughes of Iowa for the post of temporary chairman of the Credentials Committee offered a splendid opportunity to provide this added assurance. The post will be of major importance in 1972, for the temporary chairman will have the power to appoint "judges" who will review challenges to delegations. Senator Hughes, who is known as a strong advocate of reform, had the backing of Senators McGovern, Harris, Muskie and, so it is said, Kennedy. He also had the support of Eugene McCarthy.

But at its recent meeting, the National Committee rejected by a vote of 72 to 31 the candidacy of Senator Hughes and elected Mrs. Patricia Harris, the handpicked nominee of Lawrence O'Brien. His active intervention—he threatened to resign unless Mrs. Harris was named—disturbed even some members of the committee who, finally and reluctantly, voted for his nominee. Chairmen of the National Committee are supposed to be neutral in such matters. Committee members also resented the way in which organized labor turned against Senator Hughes, who has an excellent labor record. To make matters worse, although Mrs. Harris is black, black sentiment in the party overwhelmingly supported Senator Hughes, who was nominated by Rep. Shirley Chisholm. Backing Mrs. Harris were the old-line regulars, the Southerners, labor and the wheeler-dealers, including Max Kampelman, one of Humphrey's backers; Kampelman is a member of the law firm with which Mrs. Harris is associated.

Now, of course, doubts have arisen about the practical meaning and effect of the new rules. From Pennsylvania comes word that delegates will be selected pretty much as they have always been selected—by organized labor, the party bosses in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and the Governor. There is also evidence from other states to indicate that not enough time has been allowed for challenges to be properly organized or rival delegations formed. Some fifteen states are said to be in full compliance with the new rules and twice that number are expected to be in compliance within a month. But that still leaves quite a large number of states, some of which may not comply. And now there is the further roadblock that the new temporary chairman of the Credentials Committee may nullify challenges by appointing "judges" who favor the old way of doing things. Politically, it is a piece of folly to adopt the new rules and then, at this late date, to raise doubts that they will be firmly enforced. The issue of reform had been resolved; now it may have been reopened. But sentiment for reform is still strong within the party, and all that Mr. O'Brien may have succeeded in doing is set the stage for a bruising floor fight at the convention. Such a fight might have results quite different from those of the battle of Chicago in 1968. A member of Pennsylvania's old guard is quoted as saying (*The New York Times*, October 19): "We let them change the damned rules because we're going to work it out our way anyhow." Maybe, but not without a floor fight that could seriously damage Democratic prospects.

Japan's Fall from Grace

At the end of World War II Japan was to be permanently demilitarized, governed by "a peacefully inclined and responsible government." This state of exceptional virtue was to the advantage of the Japanese; their rapid economic recovery was due in part to the absence of an arms burden which other countries, including the victors in the war, continued to carry. But no one in Asia believes today that this halcyon state of affairs will continue very much longer, or that Japan will continue indefinitely to be a military ward of the United States.

In *The New York Times* (October 12), Richard Halloran reports on current developments tending toward the future emergence of Japan as a great military power, matching its economic power. Having just been bludgeoned into a limitation of textile exports to the United States, the government of Premier Eisaku Sato is reported to be eager to help reduce the deficit in the American balance of payments with Japan. At a luncheon for foreign correspondents, Naomi Nishimura, the newly appointed director of the Japanese defense agency, announced a proposal for providing this kindly help. Japan is prepared to double its outlay for U.S. weapons. In its fourth five-year defense program, scheduled to begin next April,

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Japan offers to spend $1 billion for American military equipment, as compared with $500 million during the current five-year plan.

Of course, these sizable sums all come under the aegis of "defense" in Japanese (and American) parlance, but other Asians are not so sure. That even some Europeans have not forgotten the events of twenty-five or thirty years ago was shown in the hostile reception which Emperor Hirohito met in the Netherlands. Perhaps incautiously, Mr. Nishimura, who is in effect Japan's defense minister, coupled his offer to double purchases of American military equipment with a personal declaration that he favored a change in the prohibition against sending Japanese troops abroad. He suggested that unarmed soldiers be authorized to go on rescue and relief missions in Asia. As in his desire to be helpful in reducing the strain on the dollar, the defense minister is eager to help Asians in distress. The difficulty is that unarmed soldiers can very readily be armed, and their future missions may not be errands of mercy.

According to a report cited by Mr. Halloran, the Japanese propose to spend $15.7 billion for miscellaneous military purposes, including research and development, during the next five years. This will raise eyebrows among leaders of the People's Republic of China, and will no doubt be brought up by Chou En-lai in his forthcoming talks with President Nixon.

Opium: Sweeping the Sands

President Nixon's war on drugs may be turning the French flank. But seen from Turkey, the prime focus of the campaign in the Middle East, the whole operation looks very much like another Vietnam—ineffectual and mistaken in its aims, if not actually counterproductive. Even the Turks themselves are aware that the main problem should not be to combat addiction per se. Why, they ask, doesn't President Nixon devote more resources to the elimination of those social and economic problems which permit large-scale drug abuse to take root?

At first glance, the arguments in favor of the actions taken—by the American Government to "attack the drug problem on an international plane" and by that in Ankara to participate in the attack—do have a certain logic. As in everything to do with the drug world, figures must be taken with some caution, but according to Washington, some 100 to 120 tons of illegal opium drugs are consumed in the United States each year, of which between 70 and 80 per cent comes from Turkey. And of the $750 million or so annual investment expenditure required by the Turkish Government, at least one-third comes from the United States in the form of indirect aid or other subsidies. But can attempts by the United States to be, as one Turkish official put it, the "narcotics agent of the world" really work?

Legislation already enacted by the Turkish Government provides for eliminating opium cultivation by mid-1972. In a country where one of the provinces is named Afyon, the Arabic word for "opium," this is no small feat. But in the eyes of many dissident Turks, the point is not that opium growing should cease but that this action should be taken at the express behest of the United States. Given the delicacy of Turkey's internal political balance, the "national sovereignty" issue could be critical.

Even if the political hurdle is got over, there remains the question of enforcing the new law. As one Turkish Government publication points out, the illegal traffic in opium made "great progress" in 1970, owing to the operations of "an internationally organized band of smugglers." Thus the fact that the "official" opium crop—that which is bought by the government under contract—declined in 1970 to about half the 1969 crop is largely irrelevant. What counts is the "unofficial" crop in 1970—estimated at some 200 tons or more—which has already been stockpiled on the black market.

If the 1971 opium crop is similarly disposed of, this black market reserve will be doubled, suggesting that there already may be available opium sufficient to exceed the anticipated American demand for the next four years or so.

And Turkey is not, of course, the single source of opium to the United States; it is only the most competitive in a chain of more than half a dozen supplier countries that stretches eastward through the Southeast Asian peninsula. Should the cultivation of unofficial opium be eliminated in Turkey, the most likely result would be the increase in production somewhere else.

What would President Nixon do in that case? Most Turks, perhaps out of politeness, decline to reply. But it seems clear that the text of a recent Presidential message to Congress with its reference to "worldwide escalation" of existing anti-narcotics programs, indicates to them one possibility. If the analogy with Vietnam is correct, President Nixon's drug war may soon have a Laos or a Cambodia on its hands.

Big Bash at Persepolis

A couple of days after the Shah of Iran put on the most ostentatious party of modern times, some of his dissident subjects bombed the Iranian consulate in San Francisco. It was no firecracker job; they pretty nearly wrecked the place. The Shah was not perturbed. "What do we care what our critics think?" he asked sternly at the one press conference of his $100 million celebration. "The important thing is the impression of my own people." Since 85 per cent of his subjects are illiterate, he had something there. According to the press, the peasants loved the show. The publicity he got abroad was equally brilliant. With a guest list of one Emperor, nine Kings, five Queens, thirteen Princes, eight Princesses, sixteen Presidents, four Vice Presidents, nine Sheiks, two Sultans, and countless minor dignitaries, how could he miss?

The ostensible reason for the extravaganza was the founding of the Persian Empire by Cyrus the Great 2,500 years ago. Actually this anniversary came and went nine years ago, but at that time the Shah feared a revolution. However, in 1970 the gross national product rose to $10 billion (of which $2 billion comes from oil) and per capita income had nearly doubled—from $180 a year to $350. The Shah felt he could afford to throw a party. He left nothing to chance. The tent city which he built for his royal and near-royal guests was surrounded by the army, 2,500 potential troublemakers were preven-

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tively arrested, and each VIP was tracked electronically by means of a small transmitter carried by an aide.

The sacerdotal part of the festivities took place at the tomb of Cyrus the Great. Facing the mausoleum, the Shah, in full military uniform adorned with several pounds of self-bestowed medals, intoned, "O Cyrus, great King, King of Kings, Achaemenian King, King of the Land of Iran, I, the Shahanshah of Iran, offer thee salutations from myself and from my nation." After some further encomiums, the Shah bade Cyrus to rest in peace, "for we are awake, and we will always stay awake." This may have referred to the Empress' crown, which contained emeralds the size of golf balls, and diamonds only slightly smaller; more likely it had to do with petroleum.

The Shah—his full name is Mohammed Reza Pahlevi—is not a direct descendant of Cyrus the Great. His father, a professional soldier of kulak origin, seized power in a 1921 coup. The British and Russians ousted him during World War II for strategic reasons, and the present Shah was permitted to ascend the throne in 1941. Despite such modest pretensions to ancestry, many of the well-born crowned heads of Europe came to do him homage. Queen Elizabeth of England did not attend personally, but she sent Prince Philip and Princess Anne. President Georges Pompidou of France was represented by Premier Jacques Chaban-Delman. Referring to the catering by Maxim's of Paris, Pompidou, according to *Time*, allowed himself an ungracious remark: "If I did go they would probably make me the headwaiter."

If Maxim's has gone public, their common stock might be a good buy. They sent 165 chefs, wine stewards and waiters. The 25,000 bottles of wine included Château Lafitte-Rothschild 1945, which retails at $100 a bottle. The viands comprised 7,700 pounds of meat, 8,000 pounds of butter and cheese, and 1,000 pints of cream. Maxim's served an almost totally French menu: quail eggs with caviar was the only Iranian dish. However, no one complained. The success of the occasion may be gauged by the fact that the banquet, scheduled to run three hours, actually ran four and one half.

A minor social note: Vice President Agnew, lacking a crown, was seated at the end of the 200-foot solid mahogany table with a small American contingent. The Shah sat between Queens Fabiola of Belgium and Ingrid of Denmark. Nearby, in this distinguished circle, sat Pakistan's Yahya Khan, fresh from having murdered some hundreds of thousands of his Bengali subjects.

A word of tribute is in order for a commoner, Charlotte Curtis of *The New York Times*. She reported the sumptuous event with a straight face, allowing herself not a single disrespectful word in all her stories. Yet—such is the art of a skillful reporter—*Times* readers got a laugh out of the whole affair. And that, for $100 million, was surely not intended by the Shahanshah.

ALLENDE AFTER A YEAR

CHILE'S REASONABLE REVOLUTION

JEFF RADFORD
Mr. Radford is a free-lance writer, formerly with the Associated Press. He made his first trip to Chile for Time-Life News Service in 1965, while Eduardo Frei was President. He has written on Chile also for the Toronto Star.

Santiago

The Chilean Revolution of Dr. Salvador Allende moves into its second year on November 3, having achieved in its first year impressive transformations of the country's economic and political power structures. Upon taking office, President Allende, a physician, immediately began treatment for the national shock that had set in when he was declared winner in the 1970 elections. After a reasonable calm was achieved, he tackled the long-standing ills of inflation, unemployment, regressive income distribution, control of the economy by local monopolies, and the dominance of foreign interests in the development of natural resources. He has made considerable gains in all these areas.

Allende's oft-repeated aim is to pave the way during his six-year term for a later Socialist government. He committed himself to operate within the existing framework during his tenure, and for the most part, he has been loyal to that commitment during his first year, although there were indications that he—or at least the leftist bureaucracy he has installed—is increasingly more casual about stretching the rules of Chilean politics.

The President maintains that he is leaning backward to allow unprecedented freedoms, despite vicious attacks on his regime by elements of society threatened by his Marxist government. "No other government in Latin America allows as much freedom of the press as we have here," he boasted recently when defending his current diatribes against his most troublesome newspaper critic, the prestigious *El Mercurio*, and his unfulfilled threat to close down United Press International in Chile.

Actually, President Allende's assertion is debatable, but what he could persuasively claim is that no other regime in Latin America, at least during the past fifty years, has accomplished so much so quickly and still allowed the degree of freedom of expression currently enjoyed in Chile.

At the end of his first year in power, the state controls whole sectors of the economy. The move toward state ownership of the means of production had, it is true, been coming for decades, but after the current speedup, the state has control over almost 90 per cent of all banking credits; 85 per cent of copper production; 100 per cent of steel, nitrate, petroleum and coal production; 60 per cent of beverage bottling; 70 per cent of textiles; 100 per cent

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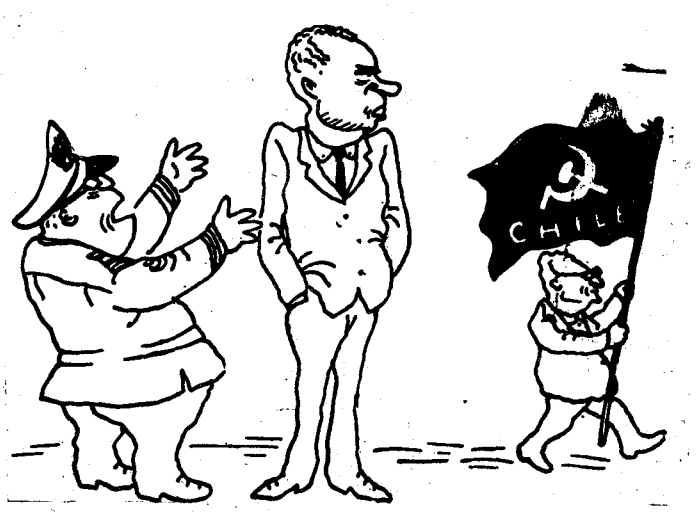
of cement production; the former ITT (telephone) company; one out of four large electronic firms and two out of eight large fishing concerns. Allende's fast-running agrarian reform program, which now emphasizes the establishment of state-controlled collective farms, had expropriated 1,109 large estates by July 15, the total acreage being 5.7 million.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about these state conquests is that they were carried out without sacrificing at least the trappings of democratic process and with a minimum of violent reaction. The powerful, opposition-controlled parliament still functions normally, the independent judiciary frequently takes issue with Presidential decisions, the opposition press has been intimidated but not really muzzled, and the lower-level elections are still taking place.

Two weather-vane elections in October demonstrated that, so far, the President and his Popular Unity leftist coalition have not closed off freedom of the ballot. The pro-government candidate for a vacancy on the National Council of Journalists was soundly defeated by the opposition Christian Democratic Party contender. It was the second election of national attention lost in one week by the leftists. The hard-fought campaigns for the significant presidency of the Student Federation of Secondary Education of Santiago was won by a Christian Democratic youth, and that was an upset victory over the Popular Unity candidate.

The Christian Democrats continue to be the majority party, and the still popular ex-President Eduardo Frei has recently stepped back into public view after giving his successor almost a year of grace. Although the party is now showing signs of taking the offensive against Allende's government, it has attempted throughout the first year to behave like a more-or-less loyal opposition. After all, in an attempt to steal the Socialist candidate's thunder in the last election, the Christian Democratic contender, Radomiro Tomic, espoused nearly the whole Popular Unity program. Besides, looking toward the 1976 election, they are careful not to block the President's programs and thus appear pro-American or pro-monopoly.

The dual personality of the Allende administration has made the Christian Democrats uncertain as to how they should mount their opposition. Since the President personally commands considerable respect and, at least superficially, abides by the rules of traditional politics and law, he must be reprimanded or called to task in those contexts. But the government, as distinct from the Presidency, operates differently. It is becoming increasingly obvious that Allende's administration is riddled with leftists who do not share his aim of achieving a revolution through law and without violence.



Abu, Indian Express (New Delhi)

Don't Just Stand There—Ask Me To Do *Something!*

Two blatant examples of this were revealed in the past month. President Allende's former director of railroads, Nahum Castro, was exposed as the mastermind behind an extremist group known as the Revolutionary Armed Forces. He was formally charged with subversion on October 5. The zone director of land reform for turbulent Linares province, leftist Gabriel Coll Prado, was relieved of his duties October 7 after he was caught illegally transporting arms in a region that was on the edge of violence due to peasant invasions of farms too small for legal expropriation.

Thus the Christian Democrats' predicament is how to play ball with the legalistic Allende, while fighting his government which is not altogether loyal to him. "We realize that the time may be approaching when we must go into action to preserve our democratic institutions or slip past the point of no return," explained party spokesman Andres Zaldivar, minister of finance in the Frei administration. "Right now we have three ways to oppose Allende. Through the legislature we can introduce and pass laws to force the administration to carry out laws in specific ways. We can mobilize the masses to demand changes. Or we can bring constitutional accusations against his ministers and force them to be suspended."

If the Christian Democrats do swing into full opposition, President Allende will be starting his second year more vulnerable than when he assumed power. His liabilities would then include a hostile majority in the Congress, as well as serious budgetary deficits; a drastic dip in foreign exchange reserves caused by a sharp rise of imports (most notably, foodstuffs needed as a result of land reform); loss of revenue from copper exportations due to higher production costs; politically serious shortages in the market places, and the estrangement of international sources of developmental capital, following Allende's decision to pay little or nothing to the copper giants, Anaconda and Kennecott, whose holdings were expropriated July 16.

In the assets column is the popular enthusiasm over the fulfillment of the long-dreamed nationalization of the copper mines, which Allende accomplished without bringing the roof down. A tremendous increase in purchasing power for most Chileans is a major political advantage; it was produced by across-the-board wage hikes of up to 66 per cent, with prices for the most part remaining frozen. The labor movement, long controlled by the Communist Party, has been unleashed by the government to circumvent the sluggish parliament in the radical alterations in ownership of the means of production. Leftists have been quietly moved into key slots throughout the society to facilitate introduction of the regime's objectives.

The methodical destruction of the nation's industrial and financial empires during the first year was both an

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end in itself and a means to eliminate powerful economic forces which could be counted on to oppose Allende. The exodus of citizens who were frightened by the prospect of a Communist take-over has also helped the President, since they are not here to vote against his candidates and policies. He has also gained strength from the fact that the departure of foreign industrial technicians has not produced the feared collapse of professional know-how, skilled Chileans seeming to have been available in sufficient numbers.

Perhaps Allende's most important asset is the continued loyalty of the armed forces. There is absolutely no sign that the military or national police will turn against him.

President Allende's first year has gone a long way toward answering the dominant question in Latin America for the past decade and a half: whether or not armed confrontation and violence are necessary to produce profound revolutions. The final answer is still unknown, but the 62-year-old doctor turned politician seems to be proving that nonviolent revolution is possible, as long as the majority opposition party shares the same general goals and can be persuaded to play along. □

SAN QUENTIN SHOOT-OUT

A CASE FOR SKEPTICISM

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On July 21, one month before George Jackson and five others died there, Guard Leo G. Davis was stabbed to death at San Quentin. Associate Warden James Park immediately charged, "You can lay some of the blame for this at the doorstep of some of these radical attorneys who come in here and encourage the men to do this sort of thing."

On August 22, the day after Jackson's alleged attempt to escape, Park, back before the TV cameras, once again accused outside agitators: "I think that a lot of this bullshit talk by dilettante revolutionaries—and they aren't here getting killed—contributes to this kind of thing." Park later commented, "We're not going to have any goddamn parade of lawyers coming here any more."

Soon after Park's comments were made, Warden Louis S. Nelson (who was on vacation in Bend, Ore. when the killings occurred) let slip that George Jackson had had a gun when he returned to the Adjustment Center—the Orwellian term for what liberals call solitary confinement and prisoners call "the hole"—after a visit with an attorney. By Tuesday, August 24, these prison officials had leaked to the press more details on the alleged escape. Jackson, they said, had recently taken to wearing a black knit cap, which presumably he took with him to the visiting room. Attorney Stephen Bingham, whose name by now was spread across the newspapers, had had with him—as is the pernicious habit of lawyers—a tape recorder. The officials further speculated that the guts of the tape recorder had been removed and that it concealed a gun. In spite of a metal detector, an inspection of the recorder by the guards, and visual surveillance of the two during their meeting, Bingham, according to officials, slipped the gun to Jackson. Officials had their outside agitator, conspirator and attorney, all in one person.

California attorneys, though shocked by the accusations against Bingham, were not completely surprised. Park's July 21st attack on lawyers was not the first by a California official. Governor Reagan's long-standing determination to destroy California Rural Legal Assistance is well known. The Governor's attack culminated in the infamous Uhler Report, which accused CRLA's young attorneys of illegal activity, particularly improper agitation and representation of California prisoners. One attorney was even accused of smuggling contraband to a prisoner whom he was representing. A federal commission, consisting of the retired chief justice of the Maine Supreme Judicial Court and justices from the Colorado and Wisconsin Supreme Courts characterized (as politely as three conservative gentlemen can) the Reagan-Uhler charges as essentially lies:

> The Commission expressly finds that in many instances the California Evaluation (Uhler Report) has taken evidence out of context and misrepresented the facts to support the charges against CRLA. In so doing, the Uhler Report has unfairly and irresponsibly subjected many able, energetic, idealistic and dedicated CRLA attorneys to totally unjustified attacks upon their professional integrity and competence.
>
> From the testimony of the witnesses, the exhibits received in evidence and the Commission's examination of the documents submitted in support of the charges in the California Evaluation, the Commission finds that these charges were totally irresponsible and without foundation.

By the time Stephen Bingham visited with George Jackson, the precedent for officially sanctioned libelous attacks against attorneys working on behalf of California's prisoners had been well established. Acutely aware of this history, many liberal and radical California attorneys feel that the right-wing power structure in the state would rather "legally" lynch an attorney than anyone else, save perhaps Angela Davis. Bingham, a 29-year-old radical attorney from Berkeley, is their candidate.

The San Quentin episode occurred at about the same time that a special Chicago grand jury indicted State's Attorney Hanrahan for allegedly concealing and manufacturing evidence relating to the death of Panther Fred Hampton. The indictment was possible only because

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the public had access to the scene of the shoot-out, the Panther headquarters. California officials, on the other hand, have complete control over San Quentin, and they aren't relinquishing any of it. For four days after August 21 no person not connected with the prison administration was permitted through San Quentin's gates. To this date, authorities force attorneys to wait up to twelve hours in the visitor lobby before they are permitted to see their clients. No impartial investigator has been allowed to view the evidence or inspect the Adjustment Center. Reports have it that one Marin County grand juror appeared at San Quentin the evening of the incident to investigate the scene while the evidence was still fresh. Prison officials, with veiled threats, ordered him to leave.

As at Kent State, the federal courts have acquiesced in the state's absolute control over the situation. Federal District Judge Spencer Williams, Nixon's most recent appointment to the Northern District of California, summarily turned down a plea for federal supervision of the prison. Scant relief is expected from Reagan, who has strongly endorsed the Park-Nelson view that outside revolutionaries are responsible for the San Quentin deaths.

But one critical instance of official incompetence (or worse) has already leaked out. Soon after the killings, the clothing of the dead men—obviously crucial evidence—was deposited in the county garbage dump. The press discovered this "inadvertence," but the public can only speculate as to what other irregularities have occurred, or will occur.

Official control over the prison has meant official control of the news. The press has been forced to rely exclusively on prison officials for information. And prison officials have been keenly aware of the importance of the press in propagating their version of the incident. State Corrections Director Procunier told reporters, "The press and media have a hell of a responsibility to see that the sequence is known." Accordingly, since August 21 there has been a stream of information, attributed variously to Nelson, Park, San Quentin Business Manager Ritter, guards and "informed sources."

What troubles observers, however, is that the official line has changed almost daily, as spokesmen have offered new tidbits to the press to be sampled and then integrated into the story, or rejected—depending, it seems, on public reaction. These changes in the official line have occurred despite the availability of an eyewitness, who no doubt gave his version to officials on the day of the incident. Urbano Rubiaco, allegedly the guard who first spotted the pistol in Jackson's hair, received only minor injuries and was released from the hospital on the night of August 21.

The following day-by-day account of the official story displays many of the inconsistencies and raises several important questions. Why the confusion about the make and caliber of the pistol, when officials had it in hand? Why the confusion over the number of shots Jackson fired, when officials definitely reported recovering only two slugs as well as two spent cartridges from the ammunition clip? Why has Jackson's cap changed to a wig? Why was Jackson allowed to leave the Adjustment Center unshackled when an escape plot supposedly was known to authorities? Why did officials first report that the killings of the white prisoners were probably in retaliation for the death of Jackson? Why has the "exit" wound in Jackson's back suddenly become an "entrance" wound?

August 21 to August 23

According to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, *The San Francisco Examiner*, the *Oakland Tribune*, and *The New York Times*, by the Monday following the August 21st incident, prison officials had reported in public press conferences and private leaks the following version of events:

(*1*) Six prisoners and guards had been killed and three guards wounded in an aborted escape attempt by George Jackson. The dead guards were Sgt. Jere Graham, Frank DeLeon and Paul Krasenes. The dead prisoners, in addition to Jackson, were John Lynn and Ronald L. Kane, white tier tenders. The wounded guards were Charles Breckenridge, Sgt. Kenneth McCray and Urbano Rubiaco.

(*2*) The incident started at 3:10 P.M., after Guard DeLeon had returned Jackson to the Adjustment Center following a visit the prisoner had had with an attorney. According to Park, "It apparently was a carefully planned attempt to break out. . . ." At the moment Jackson pulled the gun, there were six officers and twenty-seven prisoners in the Adjustment Center. *The New York Times*, attributing its information to Nelson, placed the men this way: three guards were on duty in the Adjustment Center's first-floor tier, where Jackson and the other "incorrigibles" were caged; two other guards were in the cell corridor, having escorted prisoners back from visits; the sixth guard was also in the cell corridor, there to assign one of the escorts to another job.

(*3*) Jackson, who had been skin-searched before the visit with Bingham, was undergoing his second skin search when he produced the gun and shouted, "This is it!" Although two escort guards were still in the corridor, Jackson was the only prisoner not in a cell. Usually shackled hand and foot whenever he left the Adjustment Center for visits, Jackson had this time not been chained.

(*4*) Park and Nelson reportedly stated that only thirty to forty seconds had elapsed between the time Jackson produced the gun and the time he and prisoner Larry Spain ran from the Adjustment Center to the prison yard. Spain reportedly jumped behind some bushes, Jackson was shot through the head from a gun tower. He also suffered a wound in his ankle.

(*5*) Nelson said that fifteen minutes elapsed from the time Jackson and Spain bolted from the Adjustment Center to the time guards secured the Adjustment Center. In Jackson's cell, officers found two dead guards, a wounded guard and a dead prisoner. A dead guard and a dead prisoner were found in the corridor, where there were also two more wounded guards. The throats of the dead and wounded had been slashed.

(*6*) Park speculated that the deaths of the white trusties "could have been in retaliation for the shooting of Jackson."

(*7*) Jackson had gotten off two shots from his pistol, both of which missed their targets. This was confirmed by the fact that only two bullets had been fired from the clip inserted in the automatic found near Jackson's body. Also, two slugs had been recovered.

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(*8*) Guards McCray and Rubiaco had suffered minor wounds around the neck; Rubiaco was released from the hospital barely two hours after being admitted. Guard Breckenridge was much more seriously injured.

(*9*) When the guards went to recapture the Center, they fired volleys of shots down the corridor. The prisoners shouted out that they had hostages, but the attacking guards answered that that made no difference. Two wounded officers were released and ran down the corridor, out of the door behind the advancing guards. Presumably these were the two wounded guards "found" in the corridor.

(*10*) Prison officials accused attorneys and radicals of inflaming passions within the prisons and of serving as illicit messengers between inmates. Nelson insisted that it was "not possible" for the gun to have come from one of his staff. He didn't know how the gun passed the metal detector, but said, "In life, anything is conceivable."

(*11*) Officials further revealed that weeks before the incident they had reason to believe that an escape attempt was imminent. According to the *Chronicle*, the Department of Corrections had been investigating for months the activities of the so-called "Convicts Union," of which Jackson was suspected to be a key figure. On August 23, *Examiner* reporter Ed Montgomery, known for his connections with the FBI and for his consistently sympathetic coverage of the "official" position, wrote that Park had told him that for some time San Quentin authorities had been aware of an "elaborate escape plot" involving George Jackson. Montgomery gave the details of the plot. A former cell mate of Jackson, Jimmy Carr (later revealed to be Steve Bingham's client), purportedly wrote a letter to Jackson, offering help in an escape attempt. The letter was smuggled to Jackson, who answered on the back and had it smuggled out again. In possession of his letter and Jackson's reply, Carr inadvertently left it in his back pants pocket. The pants were sent to the cleaners, where an employee found it and turned it over to authorities. Officials photostated the letter and had it returned to the pants pocket to avoid suspicion. In their communications, the men allegedly plotted to have Jackson's sisters smuggle pistols and plastic explosives into the prison. The guns were to be hidden in the women's shoe heels and the explosives in their vaginas.

According to Montgomery, on August 1, just twenty days before Bingham's visit to Jackson, San Quentin officials nipped in the bud a "dry run" of the venture. Their metal detector signaled a warning light when Jackson's sisters attempted to pass through the detection gate with their children. Guards removed a metal belt and shoe buckles from the 5-year-old boy, and then, with intelligent circumspection, requested that the boy go through the detector gate again. The warning light still signaled. The guards then searched the child and allegedly found a toy pistol taped to the inside of his thigh. Searches of the other children turned up similar toy guns. Montgomery wrote, "Associate Warden Park said prison officials interpreted the attempt to smuggle the toy weapons as 'a dry run.' They subsequently decided to suppress the discovery in view of the approaching trial of the Soledad Brothers."

Montgomery didn't state what extra precautions Park took to keep Jackson under surveillance following the "dry run." Nor did Montgomery reveal that it was Park himself who had sanctioned Bingham's visit with Jackson, after other officials had refused Bingham entry for three hours.

August 24

Department of Corrections Commissioner Procunier openly added himself to the list of "official spokesmen." Significant new details were grafted by prison spokesmen onto their first version:

(*1*) Bingham had reportedly arrived at San Quentin by about 2 P.M., with a young black woman assistant who was carrying a briefcase. Guards, apparently at the visiting room and not at the main entrance to the prison, told the woman she could not see Jackson. She gave her briefcase to Bingham. At some point between the time the two entered the main prison gate and the time they entered the visiting area, Bingham and his female companion passed through the metal detector. Officials do not say whether the metal detector gate was at the main entrance or at the entrance to the visitor area. Nor do they say who was carrying the briefcase at the time the detector signaled the presence of metal. Officers opened the briefcase, found a tape recorder, and examined the battery section of the machine. They were satisfied it was functional, but officials now speculate that the "working parts" of the machine had been removed and that it harbored a pistol.

(*2*) Jackson reportedly wore to the interview with Bingham a black knit cap, which he had pulled tightly over his Afro hair. An officer broke up the interview at 2:35 P.M.; Jackson reportedly left the visiting room with the pistol tucked under his cap.

(*3*) Officer DeLeon accompanied Jackson back to the Adjustment Center. The walk covered considerable distance. Once in that part of the Adjustment Center where Jackson was to undergo his post-visit skin search, DeLeon reportedly stepped back and let two other officers begin the skin search.

(*4*) One of the searching officers saw a "pencil" in Jackson's hair and made a motion toward it. Jackson suddenly jumped aside, grabbed the gun from his hair, loaded it with one of the two clips also concealed in his hair, shouted "THIS IS IT!" and got the drop on three (or more) surprised and "helpless" guards who were in the skin-search area. Reportedly at this point a fourth officer, who was escorting another inmate back from a visit, appeared in the Adjustment Center, and he too was taken into custody by Jackson.

(*5*) At this point Jackson ordered the guards to open the other cells.

(*6*) At 2:50 P.M., Sgt. Jere Graham arrived at the Center to pick up DeLeon for another escort assignment. Officials said Graham was met at the door by the prisoners and slashed to death.

(*7*) By now, Jackson has been in the Adjustment Center considerably longer than the thirty to forty seconds first attributed to him by Nelson and Park. Shortly after Graham was murdered, two additional officers approached the scene. An "unidentified officer" peered through a window in the door leading to the Center corridor; Jackson fired a shot at him but missed. Another officer on the

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second tier of the Center was sure that trouble was afoot in the corridor below him, and he, as well as the officer who was shot at, turned in almost simultaneous alarms.

(*8*) Procunier, addressing a press conference in Sacramento, went out of his way to discredit the account, first given by Nelson and Park, that Jackson remained in the Center only thirty to forty seconds after producing the pistol. He said: "All of the damage had been done, all of the officers had been slain before George Jackson ran. When he ran, they were dead." He further stated that he and his officers had known for months about a planned escape attempt and that just one week before the killings he and his men had met to discuss new security procedures. He did not explain why, in view of this intelligence, his officers did not shackle Jackson, but he did observe that "Nobody could have done any better job than the staff has done." Procunier also indicated that the prisoners had stripped the guards of their clothing and were planning to masquerade as officers in their escape attempt.

But he did not explain how the prisoners were going to masquerade their black faces into white ones.

(*9*) The San Quentin officials also revealed that a "microscopic" search had been undertaken in the Adjustment Center and that explosives, bullets and a detailed escape route map had been turned up.

(*10*) The Marin County Coroner's report was made public; Jackson died instantly when a bullet entered the top of his head; Graham suffered a gunshot wound in the back of the head, stab wounds in the neck, chest area and abdomen. Krasenes suffered razor slashes on the left side of the neck, a severed artery, and a shallow cut on the right side of the neck; DeLeon suffered razor cuts on each side of the neck, and a gunshot wound in the back of the head; the two prisoners, Lynn and Kane, both suffered severed arteries in the neck. In their first version, Park and Nelson definitely stated that Jackson had fired only two bullets, both of which missed their targets. No explanation is given for the additional bullets found in Graham and DeLeon.

August 25

(*1*) The *Chronicle* buried at the end of its story, "Quentin Guard's Story of Slayings," Park's startling announcement that officials had just turned up a "store-bought" Afro-style wig. No explanation was given as to why the wig wasn't discovered during the officials' earlier "microscopic" search, but Park now said firmly that the wig would have had to be smuggled in.

(*2*) Wounded Guards Rubiaco and Breckenridge, first placed on the bottom of the heap of bodies in Jackson's cell, were now identified as the hostages who ran down the Adjustment Center corridor, after the gun blast from the advancing rescue party.

August 26

(*1*) Before this date, Alfred M. Bingham, Stephen Bingham's father, had met with the Marin County District Attorney, Bruce B. Bales. During their meeting Bales inadvertently let slip that at some point in his meeting with Jackson, Bingham had left the visiting room, perhaps to purchase cigarettes or use the men's room. In his press conference on this day, Alfred Bingham also released a statement from Prof. Woodbridge Bingham, Stephen's uncle. Professor Bingham, a retired U.C. Berkeley history professor whom no one can describe as a left-wing sympathizer, stated that a few days before August 21, he and his wife had invited Stephen to lunch that day at their Berkeley home at 1 P.M. Professor Bingham added that at about 12:25 P.M., August 21, his nephew telephoned to say that he was waiting to see a prisoner at San Quentin and would be late for lunch. According to Woodbridge Bingham, he finally arrived around 4 P.M.; Professor and Mrs. Bingham gave him something to eat and they all had a pleasant conversation for about an hour and fifteen minutes.

August 27

(*1*) The *Examiner* reported that California State Police technicians had deciphered the filed off serial number on the gun said to have been used by Jackson, and that officials were able to trace it to Black Panther Landon Williams, now in a New Haven jail cell awaiting trial for murder.

(*2*) The *Examiner* also reported that it had learned that all of the victims slashed in the Adjustment Center, including the three surviving officers, had been blindfolded before they were slashed.

August 28

(*1*) Authorities identified the gun allegedly used by Jackson as a Spanish Astra M-600, a 9-mm. weapon 8⅛ inches long, 1¼ inches wide, weighing 2.5 pounds.

(*2*)The *Chronicle* performed an experiment, trying to re-enact the pistol-under-wig hypothesis. The newspaper reported:

> The grip handles [of the gun] were removed, as they were from the smuggled piece.

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[The model's] attempt to hide the gun by lifting the front of the wig and sliding the weapon onto the top of his head failed.

He eventually removed the wig, placed the gun inside and forced the hair piece back on his head with some struggle. The wig was obviously askew and with every step he took, the gun wobbled dangerously, bringing his hands instinctively to his head.

August 29

One day after the *Chronicle*'s gun-wig experiment, the *Examiner* reiterated Ed Montgomery's claim of August 23 that the gun allegedly smuggled into Jackson was really a 5¾ inch Spanish Llama Corto, not the 8⅛ inch Spanish Astra M-600, as reported in all of the other newspapers.

August 31

(*1*) Stephen Bingham was charged with murder. District Attorney Bruce B. Bales, in his supporting affidavit, altered the story previously released, to fit information given by Bingham's father and uncle. Instead of arriving at the prison gates around 2 P.M., he was now said to have entered the main gate at 10:15 A.M., and spent three hours arguing with Visiting Room officials to be admitted. Instead of spending a half hour with Jackson, Bingham was now said to have been with him a full hour, from 1:25 to 2:25. Bales acknowledged that Bingham interrupted the visit, but swore that when Bingham left the A Visiting Room to buy cigarettes, the guards also removed Jackson. Bales stuck to the wig theory, apparently rejecting completely the black wool cap. He stated that when the visit was finished:

Jackson was escorted by a correctional officer back to the Adjustment Center. That this escort trip was observed by the same correctional officer who had seen Jackson escorted from the Adjustment Center on the way to his visit with the attorney, and this officer noted that Jackson's hair looked somewhat different on the trip back. That immediately upon his entering that building, correctional officers commenced to search him, whereupon he pulled a black wig from his head and took therefrom a 9mm. automatic pistol and clips containing 9mm. live cartridges and forthwith took the searching officer hostage.

Bales is deliberately unclear as to whether the officer who "observed" the two escort trips was the escorting officer himself, or another officer. He also fails to state why this officer, keen observer that he is, did not act on his observation.

(*2*) Bales, omitting completely to mention the woman who accompanied Bingham to the prison, also cutely sidesteps the question of when the tape recorder passed through the metal detector. He merely states that "prior to entering the A Visiting Room, Stephen Bingham filled out a request form to take a tape recorder into the A Visiting Room." We don't know if the metal detection test occurred at the main gate, where Bingham and the woman first entered the prison, or at the visiting section.

September 22

(*1*) One month and one day after Jackson's death, on September 22, the Marin County pathologist's "final" autopsy report was made public. Jackson was shot in the back. The report, dated September 7, but held back for two weeks, exactly reverses the trajectory of the bullet that killed Jackson. But Nelson stuck to his original story that Jackson was hit from the front, arguing that he was probably stumbling from a wounded ankle when the death bullet struck him from above and in front. Soledad Brother John Clutchette has a different theory. At a court hearing on August 25, almost four weeks before the coroner's "final" report was published, Clutchette shouted out, "They shot George in the back and then when he wasn't dead, they came up and shot him in the head."

(*2*) The controversy over Jackson's death is compounded because the coroner attributed his revised finding to an analysis of Jackson's clothing. But the press reported on August 31 that prison officials "inadvertently" threw the clothing of the dead guards and prisoners into the West Contra Costa County garbage dump. The "final" coroner's report does not state when, how, or who recovered and identified Jackson's clothing.

Because of the way in which the officials have managed the San Quentin story, it is impossible to know what really occurred on August 21. Because the "facts" of the case have been dribbled out, retracted, and modified, it is equally impossible to postulate an alternative hypothesis of what occurred. The most that concerned observers can do, at the present, is thoroughly scrutinize the official line. The rudiments of such a scrutiny point up the following gross deficiencies.

The Wig: Aside from the obvious problems in conceiving that Jackson walked 50 yards or so with a gun and ammunition clips jammed under a wig, the hypothesis suffers several further infirmities.

First, after some 250 trips back and forth from the Adjustment Center to the Visiting Room, Jackson certainly knew that the skin-search procedure, which he was forced to undergo before and after each visit, included a search for contraband in his hair. Jackson was a revolutionary, but he was not stupid.

Second, Mrs. Doris Maxwell, John Clutchette's mother, was visiting her son in an adjoining room when Bingham and Jackson concluded their visit. Mrs. Maxwell, probably the last outside person to see Jackson alive, told reporters that Jackson stopped and spoke to her as he was being taken back to the Adjustment Center. She noted that Jackson's guard, in an unusual gesture, allowed Jackson to squat down to a low wire screen to speak to her. Mrs. Maxwell, a black woman, didn't report noticing anything peculiar with Jackson's hair. Nor did she see a gun barrel slip out when Jackson squatted down.

Third, D.A. Bales characterized the wig as "black." Those who knew and visited with Jackson describe the color of his hair as "brown or dark brown."

The Tape Recorder: The officials can accuse Bingham of smuggling in the gun only by maintaining that their search procedures were so applied as to avoid discovering contraband. From the "dry run" story it is evident that the officials usually check and recheck a person suspected of carrying a metallic object; but in Bingham's case, the guards merely examined the battery portion of the recorder. What the official line fails to reveal, but what attorneys who visit San Quentin with tape recorders know, is that the complete prison procedure is for guards to check the battery compartment and also to switch the machine

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on to make sure that it is operational. Bingham, who reportedly visited Jackson five times, knew this. The procedures allegedly followed in admitting Bingham would be unusually lax for even a normal visitor. But in this case, they were admitting Steve Bingham, lawyer for Jimmy Carr. From at least August 1, they had suspected Carr, Jackson and others of conspiring to plan an escape. It is hard to believe that the prison officials would search Bingham so casually.

Moreover, in their haste to charge Attorney Bingham, the prison officials allege that their security procedures are applied only selectively: during the tape recorder check, the guards fail to follow the rules and do not turn the machine on. But when Bingham wants to buy some cigarettes, the guards follow the rules to the letter and remove Jackson from the Visiting Room while Bingham is absent. The rules require that guards keep inmates from the Adjustment Center under visual surveillance during their visits. This inmate was suspected of planning an escape. But while Bingham is slipping a gun, two ammunition clips and a wig to Jackson, the guards have managed to avert their eyes.

What is so sickeningly obvious about this spotty application of the rules is that they are being selectively applied with one object in mind: to construct a conspiracy. From the outset, officials have insisted on three constants: radical lawyers caused the rebelliousness among prisoners; George Jackson is guilty of an escape attempt; prison personnel could not have brought the gun into the Adjustment Center. Doubt has been cast on the last assumption by Alan Mancino's affidavit, recently released by Jackson's attorney, John Thorne. Mancino, one of the white prisoners in the Adjustment Center at the time of the incident, has been moved by prison officials to "safe-keeping" in the Nevada State Penitentiary. "Informed sources" have been suggesting that Mancino will be the state's star witness in prosecutions of the prisoners within the Adjustment Center. But on March 26, 1970, Mancino said in his affidavit that while he was incarcerated in Soledad Prison, he was asked by Soledad Captain of the Guards Charles Moody to murder Jackson. The request was made in January of 1970. Mancino states: "Moody then asked me directly if I would kill George Jackson. He said he didn't want another Eldridge Cleaver. Moody . . . hypothesized of a situation where I would be taken out in the yard one night to locate a knife. He said it would be unfortunate if I should break for the fence and be shot. I understood this to be a direct threat to my life if I did not kill Jackson."

On October 1, after two stormy meetings, the Marin County grand jury indicted six Adjustment Center prisoners and Attorney Stephen M. Bingham for murder and conspiracy. Before the vote, three members of the grand jury walked out in protest; two more dissenting members remained to cast their votes against the indictments. The indictments were returned by a 12-to-2 vote, the absolute minimum needed for an indictment to issue. The grand jurors were not permitted to question any prisoners, and the indictments were based solely on the testimony of prison officials. One of the dissenting grand jurors, Jerry Hawes, a research analyst with HEW, has resigned from the grand jury, protesting that it surrendered its independence to the prosecutor. Hawes observed, "The unwillingness of this jury to seek impartial legal advice during indicting sessions makes impossible a fair and just procedure which can mete out genuine justice."

Other observers are convinced that the conspiracy web is sure to grow, and that beyond criminal charges, the official version of the San Quentin events will be used as an excuse to oppress prisoners all the more severely and to isolate them further from any assistance from the outside—particularly by attorneys. □

MILITARY BUDGET

DOUBLE-TALK BOOKKEEPING

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Mr. Kaufman is on the staff of the Joint Economic Committee. He is the author of The War Profiteers *(Bobbs-Merrill).*

Trying to see the costs of wars past, present and future through the federal budget is like looking through shattered glass. Although it is the government's official financial record, the budget is an unreliable guide to the costs of national security. It conceals large sums and puts forth misleading figures and deceptive narrative. Estimates of future spending are often understated, sometimes grossly. As used in the budget, the term "National Defense" is a misnomer and leads directly to a distorted view of the true level of expenditures devoted to military affairs.

One kind of budgetary distortion is the omission of programs that are intended, at least in part, for military purposes, but that are paid for outside the Department of Defense. Another kind is the mislabeling of funds within the official defense budget. For example, military assistance to other countries has for years been poor-mouthed as a once richly funded program that now, because of Congressional parsimony, barely keeps body and soul together. The budget and other official sources of information have created the impression that outlays for military aid steadily declined from a peak in the 1950s to practically starvation levels in the late 1960s and early 1970s. According to the Pentagon's annual report, "Military Assistance and Foreign Military Sales Facts," appropriations for military aid went down from $5.7 billion in 1952 to $350 million in 1970. The Commerce Department's monthly "Survey of Current Business" reflects a similar decline in military assistance in the balance of trade tables, where transfers under military grant programs are seen to have dropped to $613 million in 1970 (appropriations and actual transfers generally

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vary). Year after year, the budget's breakdown for National Defense contains a line item for "Military Assistance," and anyone examining it over the past decade or so would be bound to conclude that the program was growing smaller at the rate indicated by the reports of the Pentagon and Commerce Department.

But total outlays for military assistance, when added up correctly, have been rising, not falling, for the past six years. The money, arms and equipment now given away to foreign military establishments amount to several *billion* dollars annually, not a few hundred million. The budgetary sleight of hand which suggests the reverse has been accomplished primarily by fracturing the military aid program into a number of pieces, several of which have been conveniently allowed to disappear from public view. Before 1965, practically all military assistance was administered under the Military Assistance Program Act, known as MAP. To know the full scope and costs of military aid it was sufficient to examine MAP.

After 1965, however, MAP and "military assistance" came to have different meanings. In that first year of the buildup in Southeast Asia, it was decided to take South Vietnam out of MAP. Henceforth, military aid to Saigon would be handled as a part of the Pentagon's budget rather than as a part of the State Department's budget, where MAP was located. The explanation given for the change was that the funds required to help South Vietnam were, because of the war, so great that MAP's resources would be drained if it were required to supply them. The following year, the same reasoning was used to carve Laos and Thailand out of MAP. In retrospect, the justification given for moving around the military assistance accounts looks shaky. If greatly increased aid to Saigon was necessary, why didn't President Johnson say so, and request additional funds for MAP? Given the readiness of Congress to support the war in 1965 and 1966, MAP was no more in danger of being swamped by Indochina than was the defense budget. It would have been possible, in other words, to aid our allies in Southeast Asia without chopping up MAP.

The fact is that dismembering MAP had budgetary effects which would not have accompanied an overt enlargement of its program. When assistance to South Vietnam, Laos and Thailand was moved into the Pentagon, it disappeared from public view and Congressional scrutiny. The costs of this part of the program could no longer be seen in the figures for MAP, and under the defense budget label of "Support of other nations" their connection to the military assistance program was soon forgotten. The budget itself nowhere explains the origin of this item or relates it to military assistance.

Moreover, the change shifted jurisdiction over aid to the three nations from the Foreign Affairs to the Armed Services Committees of the House and Senate. From the administration's point of view, this was fortunate—legislative control went from the likes of William Fulbright and Wayne Morse to Richard Russell and Mendel Rivers. Thus transplanted, "Support of other nations" quickly sprouted from $100 million in 1964 to $2.3 billion in 1970. Leaving this item out when describing the size of the military assistance program was like weighing an elephant by placing only his trunk on the scale.

Several other parts of the military aid program lie hidden in the defense budget. Substantial amounts of excess materials and equipment are transferred annually from U.S. military stocks to foreign governments. Since these goods may have been in the inventory for several years before being declared excess, they are usually already paid for when transferred and do not show up as current outlays for military assistance. Nevertheless, the annual transfers represent hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property purchased with taxpayers' money. More than $10 billion in excess military materials and equipment is being made available under this portion of the aid program, none of which appears in the budget as military assistance, and the amount will probably grow larger as troops are withdrawn from Vietnam and other areas. It is intended to turn over to South Korea all the equipment of the 20,000 troops to be pulled out of that country. No budget, as now designed and presented, will ever itemize the costs of such giveaways.

Aside from budgetary legerdemain, other funny games have been played with such transfers. How much of the equipment is really "excess" to our military needs; how much is funneled through this conduit to avoid Congressional scrutiny and to circumvent the legal restrictions on outright grants? In 1970 a House appropriations subcommittee learned that the United States had given more than $150 million in "excess" weapons to Nationalist China. The weapons included fighter aircraft, cargo planes, howitzers, tanks and rifles. Among the aircraft were more than twenty F-104 Starfighters (the exact number is classified), a modern supersonic plane still being used by the Air Force. The revelation caused a mild uproar in Congress because the year before an effort had been made to tack $54 million onto the MAP appropriation for the express purpose of enabling Taiwan to buy a squadron of F-4 fighters. An amendment to this effect passed the House but was defeated in the Senate and not enacted. Thus when it became known a few months later that the Pentagon had made a gift of the Starfighters and other weapons out of "excess" stocks, a lot of Congressmen were understandably upset. The Administration said that the planes had been declared excess because of reductions in the defense program and that they would have been given to Taiwan even if the funds to purchase the F-4s had been appropriated. To the Representatives and Senators who had successfully opposed the F-4 maneuver it looked as though the Pentagon had mislabeled perfectly good weapons as "excess" to accomplish what the defeated F-4 amendment was intended to do—namely, to give a squadron of modern fighter aircraft to Nationalist China.

The classic example of concealment through mislabeling is the Food for Peace program. It was disclosed in January of this year that approximately $700 million of Food for Peace counterpart funds have been used over the past six years for military aid purposes. The Pentagon correctly argues that there is nothing illegal in this practice. The 1954 legislation that created Food for Peace authorized the use of counterpart funds for "common defense" in the recipient countries, and in 1966 MAP grants were made conditional on foreign governments entering into agreements with the United States allowing Food for Peace funds to be used in this way. The real issue, however, is one of accountability, not legality.

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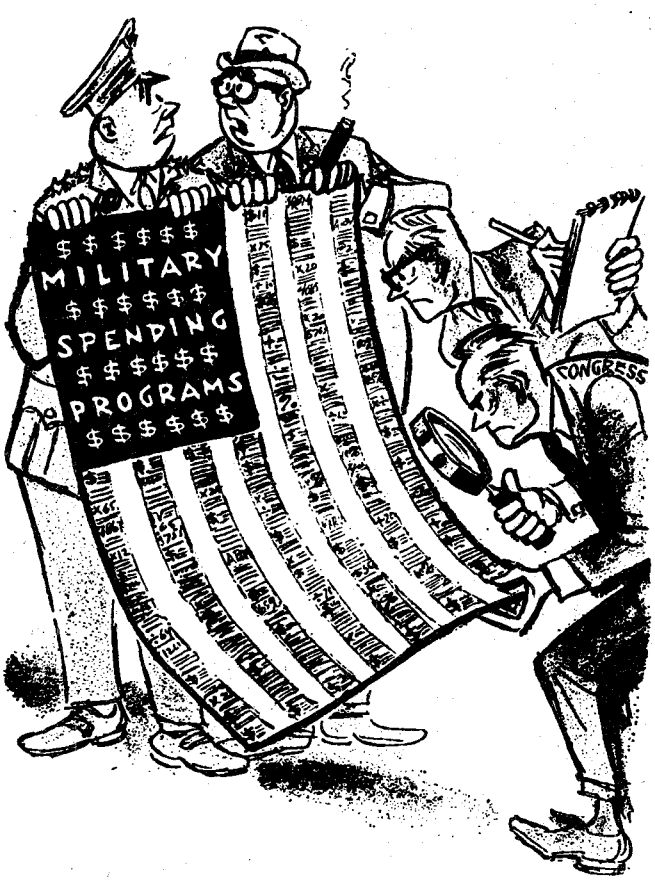
To expect the average taxpayer or member of Congress to be familiar with all the details of the constantly expanding body of law and administrative regulations governing federal agencies, or to penetrate beneath the surface of what the bureaucracy appears to be doing, would be like expecting the stockholders of a firm to be experts on corporate law, as well as certified public accountants. The corporation is supposed to disclose the salient facts about its financial status in the annual report, and the federal government has a much greater responsibility to disclose what it is doing with the taxpayers' money in the annual budget. The statement in that document that the Food for Peace program "combats hunger and malnutrition, promotes economic growth in developing nations, and develops and expands export markets for U.S. commodities," creates the false impression that the program is employed exclusively for what its name suggests. Even high government officials with direct responsibility for military aid have been unaware that the United States has *required* recipients of Food for Peace to use counterpart funds for "common defense." Senator Fulbright and Townsend Hoopes, former Defense Assistant Secretary for International Security Affairs, have candidly admitted their ignorance on this point. It is no wonder that Sen. William Proxmire, whose committee investigation first brought the facts to light, has labeled the project Food for Peace for War and called it a case of Orwellian double-think and a corruption of the English language.

Other much larger programs, ostensibly intended for economic development abroad, are also in reality forms of military assistance. Economic assistance for Vietnam, Laos and Thailand, listed in the budget as "Supporting assistance" (not to be confused with "Support of other nations"), finances police, pacification and resettlement activities. Subsumed in this category are outlays for "public safety" in various foreign countries. "Public safety" is a well-known euphemism for internal security and paramilitary programs which, by themselves, cost $529 million in 1970, almost as much as MAP.

Two further examples indicate the ingenuity with which the facts about military spending are obfuscated: Until 1970 the budget included a table and a brief discussion of "Estimated Special Support for Southeast Asia Operations," meaning the cost of the war. According to the last budget presented by the Johnson administration, outlays for the war rose from $103 million in 1965 to $28.8 billion in 1969. In June 1969, after the changing of the White House guard, the Pentagon supplied Congress with the same figures. Up to this point the Nixon Administration appeared to follow the policy of disclosing the war costs, if not the decisions about the war, and spokesmen for the new regime were in agreement with their predecessors on what those costs were.

But in 1970 the first budget prepared under Nixon included no figures for the costs of Vietnam and from that day to this the war costs have been censored out of the budget. The purging of the numbers has been explained as necessary to prevent tipping the government's hand on future troop withdrawals, an explanation that is hardly consistent with the calculated leaks of war-cost figures by government officials in various speeches and closed-door Congressional hearings. What is more peculiar is that the figures leaked since 1970 are much lower than the official ones given out earlier. Spokesmen for the Pentagon now assert only $21.5 billion was spent in Vietnam in 1969, compared to the $28.8 billion which both the last Johnson budget and the Nixon Administration had once affirmed as the amount spent that year. The last Johnson budget had estimated war spending at $24.9 billion for 1970. It is now maintained in extrabudgetary declarations that the actual costs were $17.4 billion.

What accounts for the discrepancies and the present refusal to disclose the costs formally in the budget? In an attempt to reconcile the two sets of figures, the Pentagon distinguishes between what it calls "full" and "incremental" Southeast Asia costs. Defense Comptroller Robert C. Moot stated in his testimony to the Senate Appropriations Committee last year that the full costs include amounts that would have been incurred in that part of the world even though there were no war, while the incremental costs are those that result directly from the war. The Johnson figures, according to this distinction, represented the full costs. The Nixon figures are the incremental costs and therefore somewhat lower.



Herblock (The Washington Post)
"Is Nothing Sacred Any More?"

The difficulty with this explanation is that war costs have always been described in the budget in incremental terms, although the word "incremental" was not used. Before the lid came down, they were listed year by year in tables separate from the rest of military outlays and referred to as "expenditures directly attributable to our effort in Vietnam" (The Budget for Fiscal Year

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1969), "costs which are directly attributable to special efforts in that area and in excess of what might have been the defense budgets for the years shown in the absence of the Vietnam conflict" (The Budget for Fiscal Year 1968), and "special Vietnam costs" (The Budget for Fiscal Year 1967). In addition to the separate tables showing estimated war outlays, the National Defense tables for each of those years contained subtotals excluding the special costs for Vietnam. It is hard not to believe that the purpose of all this classification and differentiation of special costs was to distinguish the nonwar costs of defense from what is now known as the incremental costs of the war.

Taking the analysis one step further, it is interesting to note that the segregation of war from nonwar expenditures facilitated the rapid expansion of the defense budget from 1965 through 1969, while the scaling down of war costs now facilitates resistance of pressures to cut defense spending. By separating the two kinds of military spending, the Johnson administration was able to show that the "baseline" defense budget—the level of spending prior to the Vietnam buildup in 1965—had been kept more or less constant, and that the principal reason for increasing total military outlays was to support our efforts in Vietnam. It became particularly important to be able to show that baseline expenditures were not rising after passage of the Revenue and Expenditure Control Act of 1968. This Act, which placed a ceiling on federal spending, exempted the war in Vietnam. It thereby froze nonwar defense outlays —the baseline—and created an incentive to define as much of the defense budget as possible as war-related.

So long as war efforts intensified during the period of escalation, increases in total defense spending could be justified on the basis of the war. Once the policy shifted to de-escalation, however, severe pressures developed to cut the defense budget and employ the savings, termed "the peace dividend," for nonmilitary purposes. After 1969, in other words, it became advantageous to the military for war spending to be minimized. The incentive was now to define as much of the defense budget as possible as being not related to the war. The Pentagon's use of the incremental costs concept serves this purpose by shrinking the costs of the war and expanding the baseline. The effect is to reduce the potential savings from the phase down. Meanwhile, the possibility that a peace dividend will materialize grows more remote each year as the defense budget continues to hover at approximately the level attained during the height of the war.

The final example of how the true level of military spending is muddled involves the definition of defense. Many persons have observed that the category "National Defense" in the budget does not fully identify all expenditures that are in essence military or military-related. The Joint Economic Committee concludes in its current annual report that "the definition of national defense found in the budget is so restrictive that the outlay figures do not adequately reflect the true costs of national security." In part, no doubt, the inadequacy is due to bureaucratic inertia and obeisance to historical precedent. Budget formats tend to remain the same from one administration to another, although interesting changes do sometimes occur as when special tables were first inserted in the budget to show the costs of Vietnam and then taken out. In any event, whether through bad design or bad habit the tendency is toward gross understatement of what is actually spent.

The Joint Economic Committee's solution is to use the broader term National Security instead of National Defense and to list under it all military outlays, all programs that are clearly related to national security, and all those that appear to be intended for other purposes but which are either partly undertaken for national security or would not be undertaken but for the requirements of national security. Of course, the first improvement would be to insert in the National Security budget all the programs, such as military assistance in its entirety, that should be counted under the present narrow definition of defense but are not. Beyond that are a variety of other activities and expenses that add more than $25 billion to total costs.

National Defense is at present composed of Pentagon outlays plus certain defense-related programs such as MAP, atomic energy, strategic stockpiles, the Selective Service System and emergency preparedness activities. These items added up to $80.3 billion in 1970. National Security, as conceived by the Joint Economic Committee, would include everything under National Defense and, in addition, the greater portion of interest on the national debt (created mostly to pay for past wars), the Veterans' program, the space program, the costs of the State Department, the Coast Guard, the U.S. Information Agency, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, the Renegotiation Board, the National Security Council, the maritime subsidy, most impacted areas school assistance, and part of the costs of highway and airport aid. These outlays would bring the "full" costs of defense 30 per cent above the official figures. National Security expenditures were $106 billion in 1969, and $107.7 billion in 1970.

Most ominous as a harbinger of future spending are the figures in the budget for Recommended Budget Authority. These figures tell what the Administration is requesting from Congress for the following year. The current request for National Defense in the official budget is for $80.2 for 1972, nearly $3 billion more than the outlays estimated for 1971. But recommended authority when tallied in the National Security Budget amounts to $111 billion.

The Administration insists, with some justification, that defense spending has been reduced in the past two years. The rollback, to use the phrase loosely, was accomplished more by inflation than by actual dollar reductions. When price increases are taken into account the size of the defense budget does shrink somewhat. Nevertheless a look at the national security budget shows that, even allowing for inflation, the full costs have gone down by a very small margin, if at all. The Administration's boast that it has achieved a dramatic shift in priorities and that it has successfully managed the transition from a wartime to a peacetime economy is not supported by the statistics or by recent developments in economic policy making. By any reckoning we are now spending for national security at wartime levels and it is not possible to have a peacetime economy and a wartime defense budget at the same time. The New Economic Policy, with its strong resemblance to wartime economic controls, should dispel any remaining doubts about the kind of system we live under. □

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POSTSCRIPT TO THE MEDINA TRIAL

KENNETH REICH
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Fort McPherson, Ga.

When the Army began to prosecute the My Lai cases, it was fashionable to say in some quarters that the United States was showing that it meant to live up to the precedent it had done so much to establish at Nuremberg. There was a note of self-congratulation in the frequent reiteration of the point that we had not only held Germans responsible for war crimes but—sad as the necessity might be—were prepared to hold our own citizens similarly responsible.

Now the My Lai trials are ending, and self-congratulation does not seem in order. Only one man has been held responsible for an incident in which, by all reliable evidence, a sizable number of American soldiers rounded up unarmed, unresisting Vietnamese men, women and children and systematically slaughtered them. That man, Lieut. William L. Calley, Jr., was originally sentenced to life in military prison upon conviction for twenty-two premeditated murders. The President of the United States intervened to see that he was released from the military stockade at Fort Benning, Ga., and allowed to stay, under armed guard to be sure, in his own apartment pending appeal. At the first stage of review, a lieutenant general reduced his sentence to twenty years, because, he said, he considered such "sentence was appropriate for the offenses for which he was convicted." Calley, assuming his sentence is not further reduced, will be eligible for parole in less than seven years. The same officer who reduced sentence—Third Army Commander Albert O. Connor—had earlier ordered charges against seven enlisted men present at My Lai dismissed. He vaguely cited "the best interests of justice" and "insufficient evidence."

It would be encouraging to be able to say that the trial of Capt. Ernest L. Medina, which ended here September 22 with his acquittal on all charges, reflected an earnest search for the truth about My Lai and a determination on the part of all the responsible authorities that the guilty be punished. Few will criticize the military jury's findings that Medina, company commander of American troops at My Lai, was not guilty. Given the evidence presented in open court—and the legal instructions provided by the military judge—the verdict appeared reasonable. But the atmosphere in which the trial was conducted, and some of the rulings on what might be presented to the jury, did not suggest that the U.S. Army was deeply committed either to prosecuting My Lai violations or, in the last analysis, to upholding its honor and its reputation.

This was a trial in which the military judge persistently ruled inadmissible evidence that would have tended to clarify what happened at My Lai, and persistently sought to speed up the prosecution's presentation of its case, joining defense attorney F. Lee Bailey from the first witnesses in complaining that the prosecutors were covering too much old ground. The most startling of Judge Kenneth A. Howard's inadmissibility rulings came in the instance of testimony by John H. Paul of Jupiter, Fla., Medina's radio operator at My Lai. Paul, appearing for the defense, said he had been at Medina's side during almost the entire time of the My Lai operation and that Medina had been unaware of mass civilian killings by his troops until well after they had occurred.

When the time came for cross-examination, the assistant prosecutor, Capt. Franklin R. Wurtzel, tried to contrast this testimony with Paul's earlier statements before the official Army My Lai inquiry, headed by Lieut. Gen. William R. Peers. Paul had told the Peers inquiry that very early in the operation there he had known that everybody in My Lai was being killed, and that he "supposed" Medina did too, but the captain hadn't "said anything. He kept his conclusions to himself." Judge Howard said that offering the earlier testimony and asking questions about it before the military jury would be improper because it would be "too close to guilt by association." So the jurors never heard what Paul had said before, and his crucial testimony before them could not be challenged for inconsistency.

The night before the Medina verdict came in—and before he read his 36 pages of legal instructions to the jury—the judge made some surprising statements at a party given by Army public information officers for the press. He told newsmen, with what seemed a note of pride, that he had tried a "goodly number" of atrocity cases in his courts in Vietnam and in this country, but had never had one of them result in a conviction. He also remarked, "Medina has the American people on his side," and he told of having said to Medina, in the course of a personal conversation in chambers, that he ought to stay in the Army after his trial because "You're the kind of guy we want."

The next day, Howard seemed to go out of his way to point his instructions toward a not guilty verdict. He mentioned that the credibility of some key prosecution witnesses had been impugned, but left unmentioned the impugning of key defense testimony. He explained at particular length how Medina could be found not guilty of an assault against a prisoner, the incident being one case in which the captain admitted having fired two shots narrowly over the prisoner's head with an M-16 rifle and then pointing the rifle "squarely between his eyes" in a successful effort to scare him into talking. Defense attorney Bailey said after the verdict that this charge had worried him at the end more than any other, and well it might have, because on its face it seemed a clear violation of the Geneva Convention's ban on coercion in the interrogation of prisoners.

This was a trial in which the examination of one juror, Col. Robert E. Nelson, brought forth declarations that it was his "gut feeling" that Calley should never have been tried and that it was "unfortunate" that the My Lai massacre had ever come to public attention. The defense didn't bother to ask Nelson a single question during the examination, the prosecution inexplicably decided not to challenge his seating as a juror, and after the trial Nelson was to

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declare, enthusiastically, that he was "personally delighted" with the verdict.

This was a trial in which no Vietnamese appeared as witnesses, although all of the victims had been Vietnamese. The only Vietnamese to be heard from at all were two sergeants in the South Vietnamese Army who had been assigned as interpreters for Medina's company at My Lai. The South Vietnamese Government refused to allow them to come to the United States to testify at the My Lai trials, and their testimony had to be obtained through depositions taken in Vietnam. The interpreters, Duong Minh and Nguyen Dinh Phu, rather uncertainly told in the depositions of asking Medina at one point during the My Lai operation why everyone in the village was being killed, and of having received a reply which they understood to mean that it was "orders."

It was surely fair for the defense to attempt to discredit the interpreters' mastery of English and to try to establish that they neither could have asked such a question nor have understood such a reply. But it was unsettling to observe the hilarity with which the ungrammatical Vietnamese depositions were received, the constant jokes by Bailey on how one of the interpreters "didn't spoke" English, and the laughter by jurors and even the court reporter. It was clear that what the interpreters had sworn to in their depositions would never be taken seriously at this court-martial.

Indeed, the general attitude toward the Vietnamese during the trial was not such as to make an observer think that Vietnamese victims meant as much to the court as American victims would have meant in similar circumstances. All of the military jurors said in examination that life meant less to the Asians they had encountered than it meant to Americans. There were few instances during the trial when anyone expressed any sympathy for what had happened to the unfortunate civilians in My Lai. Assistant prosecutor Wurtzel was one exception to this; another was Capt. Hugh C. Thompson, Jr., the helicopter pilot who apparently was the first person to complain to higher authority on the day the massacre took place. By and large, the atmosphere in the courtroom seemed to express a profound contempt for the Vietnamese—not to mention a weariness at having to hear the gory details of My Lai once again.

On the other hand, there were frequent references to what could and could not be done to American soldiers. Bailey was often moved to suggest that it was outrageous to subject Americans to the standards that Vietnamese, or Japanese in the last war, were expected to maintain. Often his last, most crushing, argument in courtroom disputes was—How could such and such be done to an *American soldier* or held against an *American soldier*?

The safety of American soldiers should be the paramount consideration, Bailey suggested. To protect them, Medina had been entitled to coerce a prisoner into talking. If the South Vietnamese Government did not want to permit the interpreters to come here to testify, it should be forced to do so by the American Government, because America was running the show in Vietnam. It was an outrage even to suggest that Japanese war crime convictions upheld by the United States Supreme Court should be considered as applying in any degree to American troop commanders.

Engelhardt, St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Sounding Retreat

One might have expected this from the defense, but little exception was taken by the prosecution—although it is fair to say that, before a military jury, the prosecutors might have felt exceptions would not be well received. (After the trial, the chief prosecutor, Maj. William G. Eckhardt, achieving an eloquence he had not shown during the proceedings, compared himself with Southern prosecutors who had pursued impossible prosecutions in civil rights cases. Their hopeless efforts might still have had some deterring effect on potential violators of the rights and lives of black men, he suggested. He said he hoped the Medina and other My Lai prosecutions might in just such a way discourage future My Lais.)

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But the more one observed the trial the more doubtful it seemed that an Army court-martial was a suitable tribunal for trying such a case. No objective international standard was being held up as a basis for judgment. My Lai was being considered in terms of an American point of view and particularly the Army's point of view.

And the Army seemed to have lost heart for bringing its own to account. After the Calley trial, one of the jurors there, Maj. Harvey G. Brown, explained to me one evening at his home how important he felt it was that the Army enforce its rules, that a distinction be preserved between the duty to kill in defense of the nation and unjustified murder. "I may be standing on a soapbox for the Army, but the Army is my life and I'm proud of it," Major Brown said. "These things are not taught to our soldiers."

He said that nothing in his experience indicated that American soldiers normally behaved as they had at My Lai and that no one—not the American public, not the world community at large—should be allowed to think that they did. But if last spring at the Calley trial, the view that the Army's interest and America's interest lay with exposure and punishment still seemed strong, at the Medina trial it was obviously eclipsed. Most of those involved wanted to get the thing over with as quickly and as quietly as possible. □

PENNSYLVANIA'S BLUE CROSS

Getting Something for the Money

ROSE DEWOLF
Miss DeWolf is a news columnist for the Philadelphia Bulletin *and the author of a book on divorce,* The Bonds of Acrimony *(Lippincott).*

Philadelphia

For the past few months, whenever Gov. Milton J. Shapp has made a public appearance in Pennsylvania, he has begun his remarks by saying: "You know me, I'm the guy who brought Herb Denenberg to Harrisburg. . . ."

The line is always good for a nice round of applause, because Dr. Herbert S. Denenberg is undoubtedly the most popular feature of the Shapp administration. A 41-year-old lawyer and former professor at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, Denenberg is the state insurance commissioner.

During Democrat Shapp's campaign for office, he repeatedly promised to "do something" about the spiraling costs of health care. Denenberg is keeping Shapp's promise. He has negotiated an astounding contract between Blue Cross and the majority of hospitals in Philadelphia —a contract in which the hospitals have agreed to implement cost-cutting reforms that were insisted upon by Denenberg.

For instance, a prime target of the Denenberg-dictated agreement is needless duplication of facilities. It has long been known that duplication increases the cost of medical service and yet little has been done about it. The new contract states that a quasi-public Hospital Survey Committee (HSC) will in future determine the actual need of the community for specific services and will order the shutdown of facilities and services deemed in excess of that need.

It is expected, as an example, that open-heart surgery will be permitted in only four or five Philadelphia hospitals. It is now performed in seventeen of them—thirteen of which do fewer than two such procedures a week. Denenberg says the duplication of such expensive facilities adds $5 or $10 a day to everyone's hospital bill. He contends, further, that by concentrating this operation in four or five departments, the surgeons who perform it will improve their skill in this specialty. There will be a similar shutdown of hospital beds deemed in excess by the Hospital Survey Committee with unsafe or obsolescent facilities being closed first.

New accounting methods will help the HSC to find the duplication and waste. The contract requires hospitals to keep books which separate the costs of research and teaching from the costs of patient care; it further requires that ledgers be organized on a department-by-department basis. Denenberg has pointed out that hospitals have always added up the cost of running the whole facility and then simply divided the total among all patients on a per diem basis. That, he says, makes it all too easy to hang onto a seldom used or poorly staffed or inefficient department. Obviously, there may be no reason to keep it going if a nearby hospital has a similar department that is better used, better staffed and more efficient.

Denenberg would like the public to know which hospital has what kind of facility, so that the consumers of medical care could pick and choose among hospitals as they pick and choose among other services.

To that end, he felt that hospitals should cease their custom of admitting only the patients of "affiliated physicians." Doctors, he said, should be allowed to practice freely at all hospitals. If a doctor is considered competent to serve on the staff of one such institution, then he is competent to serve on the staffs of all. And the reverse is also true.

However, Denenberg didn't completely win this point. The contract states only that a doctor on the staff of one hospital in an "affiliated chain" of hospitals may practice in all hospitals in that chain.

Other major provisions in the contract are as follows:

¶Full disclosure to hospital managing boards of the income realized by doctors who operate fee-charging departments, such as pathology and radiology, within

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hospitals. (Denenberg had wanted that full disclosure made to the public, but here again he compromised.)

¶Reorganization of hospital governing boards to include consumers.

¶Elimination of the "secrecy" clause, thus permitting Blue Cross to reveal just how much it pays a hospital on behalf of a given patient, as distinct from the amount that appears on the bill the patient sees.

¶A specified limit, hospital by hospital, on the number of young doctors employed in residency and internship training, with concurrent salary controls.

¶A freeze on the number of employees in each hospital, with additions to staff allowed only for new or expanded services as approved by the Hospital Survey Committee.

¶Elimination of accelerated depreciation allowances. Depreciation will be allowed on a "straight line" basis only where the building houses extensive community service programs—not administrative or educational functions.

¶Inclusion of a hospital trustee on those committees—

Pat Fink

now composed entirely of doctors—which review whether hospital stays, ordered by staff physicians, were necessary and of appropriate duration.

¶Agreement that a hospital stay found unnecessary or too long by a review committee—and therefore not qualifying for Blue Cross payments in whole or in part—will not, as now, be charged to the patient.

¶Prescription of drugs by their generic names rather than by brand names.

¶Active programs in each hospital to promote safety and eliminate situations that can result in malpractice suits—thereby reducing fees for malpractice insurance.

¶Acceptance by hospitals of laboratory test data provided by any laboratory licensed by the state and approved by the American Society of Clinical Pathology, rather than having those tests duplicated by the hospital's own laboratory.

¶Enforcement of "prudent purchasing practices," described in the federal medical regulations. Under this provision, a hospital that paid more than necessary for an item would be reimbursed by Blue Cross only at the rate at which the item could have been bought by a shopper who compared prices carefully.

Denenberg said the contract did not include everything he sought, but called it "a clear-cut step in the desired direction." Shapp called it an example of using the power of public office for the public good.

Needless to say, neither Blue Cross nor the hospitals went into the negotiations cheerfully. They were forced into them by Commissioner Denenberg. Shortly after his appointment, Blue Cross applied for its annual (at least that is how it has seemed in recent years) rate hike. Denenberg scheduled hearings and announced that he didn't want to hear testimony only on how costs were rising; he wanted to be told also what was being done to keep them down. Denenberg told Blue Cross that, through its contracts with them, it had to put pressure on the hospitals for reform. The officials said they were powerless to do that. Denenberg said he'd help them do it. He advised them to cancel present contracts and start negotiations all over again.

"Would you mind putting that in writing?" a Blue Cross official haughtily asked Denenberg at a hearing. Denenberg grabbed a note pad, scribbled: "Cancel contracts and renegotiate" on it, and signed his name. He handed the scrap of paper to the official, who was, to put it mildly, stunned.

Denenberg has a cocky, abrasive style that at once endears him to the consumers and convinces the hospital people he means business. At no time during the hearings or the contract negotiations which followed them did he try to imply that he was neutral. "Hospitals are horribly inefficient, any moron knows that," he said in the course of one press conference. He told a magazine writer: "The motto of this office, which I am going to have translated into Latin and hung over this door, is: 'The consumer has been screwed long enough.' "

When seven small hospitals balked at signing the contract—even after the major ones had put their names to it—Commissioner Denenberg went to the public and asked everyone to boycott those hospitals. In a speech to a group of hospital finance managers, he said: "People have been saying that dealing with the Delaware Valley [Philadelphia area] Hospital Council is like dealing with Red China. That is a gratuitous remark and I want to apologize to Red China for it."

Denenberg did in the end grant Blue Cross a rate hike, but it was lower than that requested, and the Commissioner had never said that he would refuse to grant any increase. He just said that this time he wanted the citizens to get something for the money.

He predicts that the contract agreements will save hospital users $55 million this year. (That's the difference between the 12 per cent increase granted and the 21 per cent hike requested). It remains to be seen, of course, how energetically the hospitals will move to carry out the reforms agreed upon. But they can hardly do nothing—not with Dr. Denenberg still in Harrisburg. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Inquest on McLuhan

MARSHALL McLUHAN. *By Jonathan Miller. The Viking Press. 133 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.75.*

THE MEDIUM IS THE REAR VIEW MIRROR: Understanding McLuhan. *By Donald F. Theall. McGill-Queen's University Press (Montreal). 261 pp. $8.75. Paper $2.95.*

GEORGE WOODCOCK
Mr. Woodcock is a historian, biographer and literary critic. He has recently completed a study of Aldous Huxley.

It has become a commonplace in discussing the effect of the media in modern society to point to the way in which reputation can be instantly made, and lost with almost equal rapidity. The situation is all the more piquant when this happens to a media figure like Marshall McLuhan. Remembering his career, one is tempted to adapt the slogan of a celebrated gasoline advertisement which for some reason he overlooked in compiling *The Mechanical Bride*: "That's McLuhan —that was!"

It is true that, as a disturbing sport among academics, McLuhan has been in evidence for twenty years. But neither *The Mechanical Bride* (1951) nor even *The Gutenberg Galaxy* (1962) marked the real beginning of his brief reign as a mod hero. That came with the publication of *Understanding Media* (1964), a thinly veiled celebration of the impending reign of the electronic media and the return to tribalism, now universalized. All the basic ideas of that book (and McLuhan really has few ideas, but repeats them often in varied forms) had in fact been sketched in *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, and the notion of swimming with the maelstrom had made its appearance in *The Mechanical Bride*. But in *Understanding Media* McLuhan translated his gospel from academic hieratic into Madison Avenue demotic, and stunned many apparently intelligent people into accepting a highly exaggerated view of the role of electronic communications in our lives.

None of the curious intermedial volumes in which, after *Understanding Media*, McLuhan tried to develop a mosaic of picture and aphorism (in a vain attempt to evade the charge that he used print to declare the end of print), made an impression like that of his earlier books, and their failure confirmed the implications of the continuing success of the paperback revolution in publishing: that under modern conditions people are in fact reading more than they did a generation ago, and that the Gutenberg dynasty remains in control of a very large territory in the Western consciousness. Since 1964, moreover, there is evidence that, like mosquitoes resisting DDT, the human mind is learning to absorb television without the extraordinary changes in consciousness McLuhan predicted. We have not yet become global village enough to diminish the passions of nationalism; indeed, to give an example very close to the bone when dealing with McLuhan, the spread of television in Canada, and particularly the prevalence of American shows, has been followed by an upsurge of national feeling, a strong reaction against the very influences that not long ago made it seem as though North America might become the prototype of the global village.

I do not know how far the evident failure of his teachings to work out in the short run has affected McLuhan; recently he has withdrawn into the academic fastness from which he emerged. But it is certain that during the past three or four years his influence has waned, and I doubt if there are many ardent McLuhanites left except among slightly unfashionable PR officers and belated Op artists. And now the burial beetles are at work on his reputation; interestingly, they are led by late disciples. The authors of the most recent books, Jonathan Miller and Donald F. Theall, are former McLuhanites turning against the master, Miller in total opposition and Theall in that spirit of revisionism which to the faithful always seems worse than downright rejection.

Having held even at the height of general McLuhanacy the critical attitude of the working journalist, who knows that things are never as simple as aphorists and myth makers declare, I find it hard to resist the kind of I-told-you-so smugness which anarchists used to adopt toward Trotskyists when they talked of Stalin. It is easy—all too easy—to say: How could you really believe McLuhan's nonsense about TV being *tactile*? How could you swallow those absurd assurances that an Eskimo lived in an *auditory* world when his very survival as a hunter depended on a visual sense that *read* the landscape as accurately as any of us reads a page of print? How could you allow McLuhan that insolent claim that the front page of a newspaper, with its "instantaneous mosaic," is somehow less rather than more visual than the page of a book?

Yet McLuhan remains a phenomenon that has to be acknowledged. Even after his vogue has dissipated, some of his works will remain as curiosities in the history of Western culture. *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, for example, is likely to be read for the very feature that the later McLuhan would have dismissed as irrelevant—its content. It is, like Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* or Proudhon's *De la Justice*, one of those compendia of strange knowledge that omnivorous readers will find entertaining long after the argument has ceased to be topical. And even his earlier scholarly essays, recently collected in *The Interior Landscape*, plodding and murkily written though they may be, are interesting because of the traditionalist and elitist gloss which they provide on his later work. "The Southern Quality" and "Edgar Poe's Tradition," neither of which McLuhan has repudiated, read like parodies on the myths of gentlemanly Dixie, while an anticipation of his later excesses in relation to the media appears when he seeks to show that the symbolist theory of analogies and correspondences originated in the front pages of newspapers, whose arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar incidents supposedly inspired Mallarmé and Rimbaud.

The study of this earlier McLuhan, the search for the roots of his later ideas in his Canadian origins, in his convert's Catholicism, in his admiration for Joyce, Eliot and Wyndham Lewis, provides the most interesting chapters in both Miller's *Marshall McLuhan* and Theall's *The Medium is the Rear View Mirror*.

Unfortunately, Miller becomes so involved in tracing McLuhan's debt to Innis and Whorf and Giedion and the prairie Populists and the Sophist tradition that he leaves little room for what one had imagined to be the purpose of books in the Modern Masters series, the lucid exposition and criticism of the chosen writers. It seems obvious that a consciousness of space running out induced him to concentrate on the books up to *Galaxy*, and to say virtually nothing about *Understanding Media* or anything later. Yet

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it is in *Understanding Media* that McLuhan's most pernicious maxim, "The medium is the message," was worked out in such a way that the leaders of industrial and advertising corporations adopted him briefly as an instant guru; that monstrous half-truth, implying that content is irrelevant, seemed for a time to be accepted as a white flag offered on behalf of the whole intellectual community—offered not merely because McLuhan's growing determinism made him regard the triumph of the electronic media as inevitable, but also because he desired the re-creation of a community hostile to the intellect. It is in *Understanding Media* that McLuhan finally reveals himself in all his effrontery as the know-all know-nothing, a character worthy of the imagination of his master Wyndham Lewis.

There are good things in Miller's little book. As a doctor knowledgeable in neurology, he is able to pick apart very effectively McLuhan's assumptions regarding the coordination of the senses, and as a television man he can show how McLuhan's theories fail to work out in the practice of the media. But his general hostility to his subject weakens his case. One reacts with incredulity to the dismissal of all of McLuhan as "a gigantic system of lies." It is of course something far more insidious—a gigantic chaos of half-truths.

Here—as well as in his fuller treatment of his subject—Theall is more credible than Miller. While the most Miller will allow McLuhan is that he sets us thinking, Theall does him the justice of granting that, despite his monstrous exaggerations and his pedantic ways of shocking the pedants, McLuhan has spotted some genuine trends in our society. What Theall does not develop clearly is the process by which the trend-spotter became the trend-setter. I still think the book which McLuhan has since rejected as obsolete, *The Mechanical Bride*, is his most true and useful book, since here he is merely revealing, with some acuteness, the way in which advertising both reflects and molds the attitudes of our world. It is when, in his later books, he himself takes a role in molding attitudes, and does so by intellectually dubious means, that McLuhan becomes one of the great exemplars in our generation of *la trahison des clercs*.

I am always surprised that, except for a few rather slight hints in the essays Raymond Rosenthal collected in *McLuhan: Pro and Con* (still the best book on McLuhan), nobody—and that includes Miller and Theall—has examined seriously McLuhan's role as the leading Utopian fantasist since Huxley and Orwell, or the way this role is related to the fact that his transformation into a prophet took place in Canada.

Seen as a great false metaphor for the ideal society, McLuhan's vision reflects in its form the discredit that in recent years had fallen on the conventional Utopia. As a detailed model of an ideal society, Utopia began to lose its appeal as soon as the first signs of the welfare state appeared, and the failure of a Utopia in time present—i.e., Communist Russia—resulted in the inversion of Utopia in the future into a negative vision, pioneered by E. M. Forster and Zamiatin, developed by Huxley and Orwell. But the desire persisted for some kind of Utopian pattern in which human alienation could be shown ending in a culture that reunited man's nature as well as his society; it persisted especially among Catholic converts who fervently believed in their own kind of vanished golden age. Man came out of a tribal world, where the unity of the group protected him psychologically as well as physically from the hostility in the darkness outside the circle of the tribal fire. Let him return to a worldwide tribalism, a global village, in which a balance of all the senses and a reconciliation of intellect and emotion would at last prove itself superior to nature and transform the earth into a vast artifact.

Once one considers it in this way, McLuhan's vision is seen to have a great deal in common with many Utopian novels, and here I am not merely talking about the incidental anticipations of electronic devices which one finds in books like Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. Much more impressive is the forecast in Forster's "The Machine Stops," written about sixty years ago, of a world where man's fate is actually determined by a technological structure he himself has created and which brilliantly anticipates the type of communications network McLuhan imagines as the arterial structure of world tribalism.

Even more interesting is the anti-intellectualism, the prejudice against a literary or even a literate culture, that pervades so many Utopias. Even in *Utopia* itself there is a strong suggestion that oral is superior to written discourse, and Swift's Utopians, the Houyhnhnms, like the inhabitants of Plato's golden age, have no writing and are the wiser and more moral for the lack; the same applies to the underground people in Herbert Read's *The Green Child*. In the anti-Utopias the attack on literacy becomes an attack on thought. Anything but the most elementary intellectual activity is forbidden in the worlds of *We* and *1984* and *Brave New World*, and in the last of these technological advances are used, as McLuhan envisages, simply to cultivate and gratify all the senses. In Huxley's novel there is also a kind of world tribalism, exemplified particularly in the ritual orgies of its people.

Though he acknowledges no debt to Huxley, what McLuhan poses as inevitable and therefore—by its Panglossian logic—desirable, is something very near to a realization of *Brave New World*. The flaw in the vision is that he does not take into account that serpent in the electronic Eden, content; man will still want to eat of the Tree of Knowledge, and from that reality McLuhan can escape no more than he now escapes the tyranny of print.

That a late-blooming Utopian vision should emerge in Canada is not surprising, particularly if one remembers the teachings of another and more reasonable Canadian guru of world fame, Northrop Frye. Writing on Canadian literature, Frye has developed the thesis that traditionally Canada was a garrison society, a society of pioneers whose situation until the recent wave of urbanization was analogous to that of a tribal people, with the northern wilderness fulfilling the same role of circumambient enmity as the African forest. One can go beyond Frye to remark that, since a com-

VOYAGERS

Standing in thigh deep water I see
Three whales, black as thunder-clouds,
Raise their great slick bodies
Out of the Sound, I think they will take the world
When they go downhill. But we stay,
The boats and docks and wormy pilings.
I feel their bodies' pull, the displacement of water with great
Life. My legs waver beneath the surface, the thin piping cry
Of water. A long step in dreams. The plunge of body to body.
I see foam and a blunt head appears, closer now, with an eye
I think is taking in the last beach. Then all the sky
Rolls obediently over.

Lois Lindblad

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mon fear creates unity in tribal and garrison communities alike, they have no need of Utopian visions. It is when human societies loosen out into civilizations, and the sense of community dissipates, that the dream of ideal worlds in past or future emerges. The Homeric Greeks, if one is to believe the epics, had no thought of either a lost golden age or an ideal Platonic republic. Similarly, one of the striking features of Canadian literature until recently was the almost complete absence of Utopias or anti-Utopias; keeping the watch in the garrison was the important task. But now, in a mere generation, Canada has passed out of the pioneer phase, Canadian critics like Frye himself have begun to study Utopian myths, and Canadian *poètes manqués* like McLuhan have begun to create Utopian visions. The fact that what to Forster and Huxley was anti-Utopia should have become Utopia to McLuhan may be an alarming symptom of the degree of alienation in the collective Canadian psyche, struggling toward self-recognition, yet plagued by dissension. It may also be merely an externalization of McLuhan's own plight, of a longing for the return, at any cost, to human dignity, to the great warm womb of the tribal unconscious. □

Anarchism—Past and Future

ANARCHISM: From Theory to Practice. *By Daniel Guérin. Monthly Review Press. 166 pp. $6.*

FREE SPACE: A Perspective on the Small Group in Women's Liberation. *By Pamela Allen. Times Change Press. 64 pp. $1.25.*

HONOR AMERICA: The Nature of Fascism, Historic Struggles Against It, and a Strategy for Today. *By Stanley Aronowitz. Times Change Press. 32 pp. 75¢.*

DAVID ROSENTHAL
Mr. Rosenthal is a poet, teacher, and translator who lives in New York. His first book of poems, Bloodlines, *will be published next spring by Barlenmir House.*

> To be governed is to be watched over, inspected, spied on, directed, regimented, indoctrinated, preached at, controlled, assessed, evaluated, censored, commanded; all by creatures that have neither the right, nor wisdom, nor virtue. . . . Government means to be subjected to tribute, trained, ransomed, exploited, monopolized, extorted, bullied, lied to, robbed; all in the name of public utility and the general good. Then, at the first sign of resistance or word of complaint, one is repressed, fined, despised, vexed, pursued, hustled, beaten up, garroted, imprisoned, shot, machine-gunned, judged, sentenced, deported, sacrificed, sold, betrayed. . . . *That* is government, *that* is its justice and morality! . . . O human personality! How can it be that you have cowered in such subjection for sixty centuries?
>
> —*Pierre-Joseph Proudhon*

The last few years have seen an extraordinary revival of interest in anarchist thought and practice. The French uprising of 1968, the growth of a worldwide anti-authoritarian youth movement, the experiments with decentralization and workers' control in such diverse places as Yugoslavia, Tanzania and the New York City school system—these and other developments have all contributed to the revitalization, in practice, of libertarian socialism. At the same time, for a number of reasons, the revolutionary Left in America is again seeking a serious ideology that will not mangle the basic aspirations of human beings. And this search, along with the reconsideration of history that it necessarily implies, has caused a new interest, not only in anarchism but also in the most creative periods of Marxist thought.

After the false victories, the outright defeats, and the painfully achieved self-awareness of the past decade, political energies are being focused on the means of combining broad popular action with the dismantling of the whole network of arbitrary powers and hierarchies that dominate our lives. These energies have, inevitably, a dual thrust. On the one hand, they involve a re-examination of the past—of the various groups and ideologies which have competed for influence within the revolutionary movement, and what they have achieved in practice. At the same time, there is a desire for unity among the consciously oppressed groups in America. What is it that feminists, blacks, Chicanos, homosexuals, West Virginia miners, et al., have in common, beyond their oppression? Can they combine their energies, and perhaps arouse and give a broad social direction to the vast forces of passive resentment and frustration now dormant in this country?

Daniel Guérin's book, *Anarchism: From Theory to Practice*, provides a great deal in the way of relevant history. Writing out of a long involvement with the European revolutionary movement (he is also the author of *Fascism and Big Business*), Guérin has salvaged from among the historical debris some most instructive—and above all *usable* —aspects of the anarchist experience. Anarchism, Guérin points out, is not, in the main, individualist, or Utopian, or centered on "the propaganda of the deed." The central stream of anarchism, as expounded and practiced by Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkin, and in the 20th century by the Spanish F.A.I. (Federación Anarquista Ibérica) and its trade union affiliate the C.N.T. (Confederación Nacional del Trabajo), concerns itself, above all, with the reconciliation and mutual support of the individual personality and society. As Bakunin put it:

> Man (the most original and most social of the animals) can fulfill his free individuality only by complementing it through all the individuals around him, and only through work and the collective force of society.

What anarchism means, in fact, is not the rejection of social organization but the refusal to subordinate the real society of men and women to the authoritarian, bureaucratized state. And one of the main threads running through *Anarchism* is the continuing ideological battle—and sometimes the mixture in actuality—of the "authoritarian" and "libertarian" schools of Socialist thought. In the case of the former, the Soviet experience has left us with a full and grimly detailed account of its implications. The real meaning of the expressions "transitional state," "dictatorship of the proletariat" and "vanguard party" is there to be seen by all. The historical evidence on anarchism is not nearly as detailed. We can learn something, however, from Guérin's excellent description of the Spanish anarchist collectives of 1936 and 1937 which, under extremely chaotic conditions, were successful both in raising production (by 30 to 50 per cent in the agricultural collectives), and in implementing an immediate program of self-management.

But in the main, anarchism belongs to the future, not the past, and it is in this direction that Guérin points. The advanced technology and communications of the 20th century, in combination with the rising level of education, make spontaneous mass action—such as the French general strike of 1968—easier and more flexible than ever before. And at the same time it is becoming apparent, both in America and in the USSR, that centralization and efficiency are not necessarily synonymous. A militarized, bureaucratically controlled economy can evolve only up to a certain point—the point at which the wealth and labor which have been invested in industry

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ought to begin returning to society at large in the form of more leisure, better education and cultural resources, consumer goods—in short, all the benefits we associate with the expression "post-scarcity economy." In fact, the great corporate states, both capitalist and Communist, seem unable to convert much of their wealth into actual benefits to the people. Instead—though this accounts for only part of the waste—there is a proliferation of expensive and genocidal weaponry, subsidized by governments too unimaginative (or vicious or indifferent) to contemplate a real redistribution of resources.

Daniel Guérin takes us up to the present, including current Communist experiments with workers' control. Deeply immersed in the European historical experience, he focuses almost exclusively on Europe, only tangentially on the Third World. But an active and intelligent libertarian movement has also been developing in the United States. And it is here, where resources of every kind are most available, that the anarchism of the future may be emerging in various guises. Perhaps the most important of these is the women's movement, with its emphasis on the consciousness-raising group. In such groups as the one Pamela Allen describes in *Free Space: A Perspective on the Small Group in Women's Liberation*, issues that are in the broadest sense political are explored both in their overall social context and on the level of personal experience. The structure of women's liberation is indicative of the way in which our society, with its rapid-fire communications and generalized sense of alienation and frustrated possibilities, makes a decentralized, human-scale movement suitable as a mode of organization. Indeed, such an organizational structure is crucial, if issues are to be dealt with in their full depth, and not exploited by the mass media or by self-appointed vanguards. This structure, as Pamela Allen makes clear, has in no way impeded mass action. It has merely taken the curse off it, by removing the necessity for rigid discipline and one-dimensional goals. *Free Space* is one of a series of pamphlets published by the libertarian, anarchist Times Change Press in New York City.

Times Change Press has been in existence for more than a year, operating mainly through the energies of Tom Wodetzki and Su Negrin, both of whom were actively involved in the radical school "Alternate U," in New York. Their publications range in subject matter from the Uruguayan Tupamaros to the homosexual liberation movement. They reflect both the range and the remarkable revolutionary élan of contemporary American anarchism (also known, depending on one's preference in terminology, as anarcho-communism or libertarian socialism). Traditionally, anarchism has proved sympathetic to those oppressed groups who did not fit the Marxist definition of "workers"—nonconformists and outcasts, the *"Lumpenproletariat,"* the artist to the extent that he acknowledges himself a creature of society, and what Bakunin described as "that intelligent and truly noble part of the youth which, though belonging by birth to the privileged classes, in its generous convictions and ardent aspirations, adopts the cause of the people."

With the white working class immobilized at least temporarily, it has been these groups, and others centered around such issues as ecology (like Ecology Action East and its publication, *Roots*), that have taken up the revolutionary struggle in America. They have done so in the face of vastly complex problems, which require for their solution no less than our total technological skill and our combined intelligence. Even more than in the past, there are many Americans who are "libertarians without knowing it"—rejecting both the current system and the authoritarian socialism of the old Left and its progeny. There are also those who worship at the altars of Third World superstars like Che Guevara and Eldridge Cleaver, frequently without having any real idea of the actual context in which such men think and function, or any apparent desire to come to terms with their own social environment.

What the future will hold depends, in large measure, on the degree to which the unconscious libertarians, who are everywhere, can become conscious both of their historical antecedents and of the necessity for creative, united action here and now. In another Times Change Press pamphlet, *Honor America*, Stanley Aronowitz writes:

> . . . we have been trained both in the family and in the school to respect instituted authority. The idea that people do not require others to tell them when and how to act is still strange in an authoritarian culture. We must learn to act on the collective recognition that our needs are not met by current social and political relations. . . . The old left believed that such transformation in human relations must await a transformation in political relations. They failed to recognize that people reproduce authoritarian culture if they are unable to free themselves. We hold that the two revolutions must march hand in hand.

Anarchism, as it stands today and as it has evolved in the last century, is the revolutionary heir and social extension of such traditional values as humanism, individual liberty and popular democracy. The individual personality, in all its possibility, *and* man's ability to shape and control his collective destiny need not be mutually contradictory. For our simple survival it is, even more than in the past, crucial that we unite them. □

The Theology of Joy

PENTECOSTALISM. *By John Thomas Nichol. Harper & Row, Publishers. 245 pp. $5.95.*

STORMING HEAVEN. *By Lately Thomas. William Morrow & Co. 351 pp. $10.*

STEPHEN DARST

Mr. Darst is a staff member of the St. Louis Review, *the newspaper of the archdiocese of St. Louis. He served as campaign manager for Eugene McCarthy in Missouri in 1968.*

The air is filled with random vowels recklessly mating with arbitrary consonants. Traveling salesmen ramble in what is said to be flawless Arabic—yet they are ignorant of Arabic. Housewives blurt Polish blessings, never having heard a word of Polish in their lives.

And through it all, the weeping. Unashamed, unmuffled sobs. Men beating sharkskin breasts, groaning a prayer, not to God (for that is a theological concept), not to Christ (which is a title), but to "Jesus . . . don't be afraid to say it . . . Jesus, oh yes, sweet Jesus. . . ."

It is not bedlam but a movement, perhaps the fastest growing religious movement in the world. In the age of Bishop Robinson and the Death of God, at a time of religious relevance, nightclub ministries and being where it's at, a movement which rejects not only ecumenism and social concerns but also movies, radio, bright ties, short dresses, tobacco, strong drink, feathers, flowers, jesting, television, mixed bathing, all worldly sports and amusements, bobbed hair.

Pentecostalism and the religious movements related to it—the Jesus Revolution, neo-Pentecostalism, the Catholic Pentecostal Movement—are genuine grass-roots religious phenomena, the cultural and religious contributions of Topeka and Azusa Street. All of these move-

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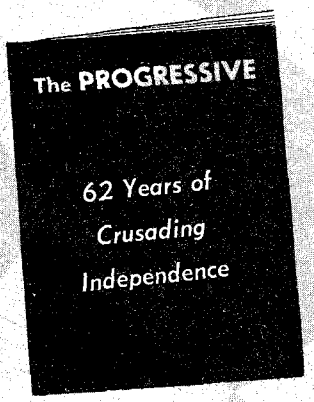

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ments and offshoots of movements have migrated to the cities in recent years, their theological belongings in tow. And many Christians whom we would not ordinarily associate with snake handlers and grimy storefront churches have come to believe that the tonier faiths have lost their way among inner-city concerns, ecumenical dialogues and jazz masses. Some of these Christians have found the old-time religion in Pentecostalism.

Judging, as religious movements are judged, in millennia, Pentecostalism is a rather modern movement. But it has roots that go deep, back to the day of Pentecost when, according to Acts 2: 1-4, "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

To most believing Christians this describes a historic event. To the 12 million persons around the globe who are members of Pentecostal churches and to the growing number active in the Pentecostal offshoots, it is more than history. They share a belief in Pentecost as a continuing experience, one which begins with what they call the "baptism of the Holy Spirit." The experience which the 120 disciples had on the day of Pentecost can be had today by anyone desiring it, they say. They themselves have had it. Non-Pentecostal Christians are likely to find the idea of a recurring Pentecost frightening, not to say in bad taste. They feel that in his first coming Jesus may have found it necessary to consort with low types, but they expect that his Second Coming will be marked by an elevation of social tone.

"We have come to take the position that religious experience does not belong to the normal Christian life," Father Kilian McDonnell, a Catholic priest, has written. "Teresa of Avila, John of the Cross, Francis of Assisi, Catherine of Siena, the great saints and mystics can all have religious experience. But not Mrs. Brown."

The Pentecostal experience most likely to unnerve bishops is the alleged sign of the presence of the Holy Spirit known as speaking in tongues or glossolalia. The *Britannica* defines glossolalia as the "abnormal inarticulate vocal utterance, under stress of religious excitement, which was widely developed in the early Church circles and has parallels in other religions."

The Pentecostal Movement had its origin, according to John Nichol, at Bethel Bible College in Topeka, Kans., on New Year's Eve, 1900. While participating in a traditional "Watch Night" service, a woman asked that hands be placed upon her and, reportedly, began speaking in Chinese. After accounts of the Bethel College happenings began circulating, similar reports came in from around the country, then around the world. Pentecostalism began to flourish. By 1925 there were 1,155 Pentecostal ministers in the United States; the number had grown to 10,000 by 1960. The best estimates are that there are now more than 12 million adherents in the world. In some areas of Latin America, Pentecostal growth is reported to be from three to five times that of the population increase.

With the growth has come fragmentation into sects. One of the more fascinating of the numerous sects was founded by Aimee Semple McPherson, probably the most visible disciple in the history of Pentecostalism—when she was visible at all. Sister Aimee moved from church news to the front pages in 1926 with her "disappearance" in the Pacific Ocean off Los Angeles, and reappearance a month later when she wandered out of the Arizona desert with an improbable tale of kidnapping and escape. Skeptics pointed to evidence that she had spent the month trysting with one of her disciples, but the confidence of her followers at Angelus Temple was unshakable.

"If an angel from heaven should come down and tell my people that Sister is not a child of God, they wouldn't believe it," Aimee declared.

The McPherson "kidnapping" was the subject of a book, *The Vanishing Evangelist*, by Lately Thomas. The same author has now produced a full-fledged biography, *Storming Heaven*, tracing the life of Aimee, the child of God, back to the wilds of Canada where she was reared, the daughter of an Ontario farmer and a Salvation Army brat named Minnie Kennedy. Mother Kennedy, an old revival trouper herself, was to become the movement's greatest stage mother, a woman who complained constantly about Aimee's lack of gratitude to "Mother Kennedy, the Least of His."

Following her marriage at 17 to Robert Semple, an itinerant preacher who died proselytizing in China, a second marriage to a man named McPherson who dropped out of the picture when it developed that his wife was repelled by the grinding domesticity of Martha's part, Aimee set off to take up Mary's role of honoring the Lord. There were years of apprenticeship, living out of the back seats of cars, knocking around the bush leagues of salvation, before she was ready for the majors. In 1918, when Sister Aimee first sighted the "sun-drenched boulevards of Los Angeles," according to Thomas, she immediately thought of the "command laid upon Joshua before the walls of Jericho: 'Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city.' "

It was the city all right. Within four years, starting with nothing but her own boundless flair, she built the Angelus Temple, the $1.5 million rock upon which she was to erect her International Church of the Foursquare Gospel. The Temple was like something from the Paramount back lot; the production within was Christianity of the Silver Screen.

"Erecting such a place of worship was an astonishing feat, and filling it, and keeping it filled, called for further prodigious efforts," Lately Thomas tells us. "The religion she preached she called the Foursquare Gospel, and it was a nonstop outburst of joy, joy, joy. . . ."

In Aimee's hands old Pentecostal doctrines and practices took on new dimensions. She carried total immersion to new lengths with her month-long disappearance at sea, and the Temple's bookkeeping was as trinitarian as its theology—according to court testimony, not one but three sets of books were maintained.

When Aimee died in 1944, there was evidence that she had taken her own life. The official version was that she had been drowsy from sleeping pills and took a second, fatal dose accidentally. She had always thought of death as sleep anyway, a sleep which, promoted with her customary dash, could turn a handsome profit.

"When my time comes to fall asleep," she had written years before in a promotional brochure for a Temple cemetery-lot scheme, "I do not want to be taken to some dark, solemn, gloomy cemetery where the atmosphere is a pall on life." The cemetery she envisioned, to be called Blessed Hope Memorial Park (the Least of His referred to her daughter's project as "Aimee's boneyard"), was to be a "tarrying ground" where, after being put to bed to the accompaniment of singing birds, piped-in organ music and services conducted personally by Aimee, the faithful were to await the time when they could "go up with Aimee."

The plan fell through, beset by the litigation that dogged her loftiest dreams. In the end Sister Aimee had to settle for Forest Lawn, 600 cars accompanying the hearse from the Temple, 2,000 of the faithful gathering at the memorial park's Sunrise Slope.

No one could have taken up Sister Aimee's role in the church, but her son Rolf, heir to the ecclesiastical remains, has been a wise steward. Valued at approximately $4 million at the time of her death (depending always upon the accuracy of the church books and the particular edition in hand), by 1969 the church's worth was set at $59 million.

It's too bad Sister Aimee isn't here to see it, the incredible growth of her

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church, of the entire Pentecostal movement. Perhaps she alone, with her highly developed, slightly cosmetized, charisms, could have put all the parts together—the Jesus freaks, the Catholic Pentecostals, the neo-Pentecostals, the intellectual Pentecostals—combining the old and the new, the traditional and the mod, gathering us by that river, with stereophonic liturgy, glossolalia, bobbed hair, bright ties, down-home liturgy, boondock theology, carbuncles miraculously removed, and joy, joy, joy for all. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The most cursory examination of the libretto and music of Carl Maria von Weber's *Der Freischütz* shows that its basic *Weltanschauung* is healthy, full of nature's goodness and the love of God. There are, to be sure, some evil forces around, personified by a fellow named Samiel, who lives in a foul place known as the Wolf's Glen and makes Mephistophelean pacts with unlucky hunters (the locale is German Bohemia shortly after the Thirty Years' War); but the message is clear that faith and love are sufficient to overcome him.

In the production of Weber's opera that Rudolf Heinrich has designed and staged for the Metropolitan Opera—the work's first theatrical production in New York for more than four decades—this essential point has been missed: the world we see depicted on the stage is rotten, gloomy, reeking of decay. The trees are tortured, expressionistically discolored; the radiantly pure heroine Agathe lives in a glowering forest of tropical density (when she remarks, in the prayer scene, on the brightness of the stars, one can only wonder how she found out; perhaps on the evening TV weather report?). It all seems to say, "We're so much more sophisticated than these ignorant peasants; let's show that they lived in a corrupt world, even if they didn't know it." The naive candor and explicit pathetic fallacies of Weber's work may indeed be hard to make convincing to a modern audience, but Heinrich's route—patronizing the opera's basic point of view—is no solution.

And in the famous scene in the Wolf's Glen, where Caspar, Samiel's earlier convert, casts the seven magic bullets to ensnare the soul of the hero Max—the one scene where the devilish atmosphere should be spectacularly in evidence—Heinrich fails completely. Instead of the prescribed visions and terrors, we are fobbed off with an unconvincing avalanche of palpably styrofoam rocks, followed by some flash-powder lightning and a timid storm. Since this scene has no other evident purpose than to demonstrate Samiel's powers, the absence of diabolic theatrical imagination leaves it quite without justification. It remains to be said, of the visual aspect of the production, that Heinrich's skills as a stage director are minimal; merely on the level of traffic direction, he could learn something from New York's finest during rush hour in Herald Square.

One can, at least and at last, hear Weber's gorgeous score, with its brilliant exploitation of the orchestra for coloristic purposes, endless melodic fertility, and splendid choral writing. Edith Mathis sings a superior Aennchen (Agathe's friend and confidant), and Gerd Feldhoff (Caspar) overcomes a marked plainness of voice by the thrust of his articulation; both these singers come from the Hamburg production, and one is tempted to attribute their higher level of character projection to previous experience. Sándor Kónya (Max) could learn a good deal from Feldhoff about sculpting a melodic line; he tends to tack consonants onto the ends of syllables, rather than saving them to use for attack purposes, and thus enters most of his notes with a rhythmically indeterminate slide, which is both unmusical and unpleasant. Pilar Lorengar (Agathe) phrases with a welcome warmth, but her singing lacks true security. Perhaps most heartening was the uncommon vigor and ensemble of the chorus, whose members sound very much as if they enjoy having some good "new" music to sing for a change. Leopold Ludwig conducts with a limited vigor, and acquiesces, regrettably, in one major idiocy: the Entr'acte that should precede Act III (it is essentially an orchestral transcription of the Hunting Chorus that opens the act's second scene) was transferred to become an interlude between the two scenes, and thus two good things were turned into too much of one good thing.

The revival of Verdi's *Don Carlo* that opened the current Met season was intended to commemorate Rudolf Bing's final season by reviving his first production. It did serve to remind us that, over the last twenty-one years, several unfamiliar Verdi works have been seen at the house, and this one—arguably the finest of them—has firmly established itself in the repertory; for this, we are grateful. It also recalled the time when a visually distinguished, coherently designed, and freshly painted set was a welcome novelty on that stage—but we expect more now, and recent designs have demonstrated a depressing tendency to visual extravagance. Finally, the performance itself demonstrated once again that the maintenance of quality, even for its finest achievements, has been a notably weak point of this company; under the sloth of daily routine and casual casting practices, stemming from the unspoken belief that opera involves little more than scenery and loud voices, the most highly touted revivals quickly lose their virtues.

For anniversary purposes, Cesare Siepi (King Philip) and Robert Merrill (Rodrigo), from the original cast, reappeared (I heard the repeat on September 25; on opening night Lucine Amara, the original "Celestial Voice," also took part). Sorely missed were the tenor of

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the 1951 performance, the late Jussi Bjoerling, for Placido Domingo seems intent on driving his voice beyond its present resources and aggravating rather than correcting his technical deficiencies ("Io l'ho per-doo-hoo-ta," for example); and the conductor, the late Fritz Stiedry, who commanded a rhythmic vigor quite beyond the capabilities of Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. Grace Bumbry (Eboli) and Martina Arroyo (Elisabeth) came closer to a genuine standard of quality.

To counteract any impression that "respectable routine" prevailed, one must note further the constant wars between stage and pit (Siepi fitting four beats to Molinari-Pradelli's three in the opening phrase of the King's monologue); the appalling state of the chorus (the six deputies from Flanders offering a novel and decidedly un-Verdian heterophony), and the general indiscipline of the stage action. Hardly a trace of Margaret Webster's original direction remains, so that while Siepi has evolved a new and convincing "older" portrayal of Philip (to suit, perhaps, his markedly less plangent sound of today), Merrill has reverted to his standard semaphore signal indicating the approach of a high note. This revival commemorated all too well, I fear, the less admirable aspects of the Bing regime.

Next door at the State Theatre, Julius Rudel unveiled a new production of Bizet's *Carmen*, staged by Tito Capobianco (October 7), whose elaborate staging set some sort of new record for inventiveness, if hardly for appositeness. The original, pre-1875 score was examined (see *The Nation*, May 31, for a review of a recording using this version) and a few passages inserted, but the indispensable step toward the refurbishment of Bizet's opera—the excision of the Guiraud recitatives in favor of the spoken dialogue—was not taken, so that we heard a hybrid of which it may safely be said that, whatever Bizet intended, he did not intend this. A little musicology, it has been said, is a dangerous thing. Since the vocal performances were generally inadequate and the tempi often frantic as well, the evening did little favor to one of the literature's most obviously coherent and theatrically specific achievements. □

THEATRE & FILMS

Harold Clurman

Jesus Christ Superstar at the Mark Hellinger is a howling success. I really should say no more. But what is a theatre critic for except to speak the supererogatory?

The show is based on a record, the work of two Englishmen: Tim Rice, who wrote the lyrics, and Andrew Lloyd Webber, who wrote the more or less rock score. You must have heard the disc (I didn't), which earned $2 million. The advance sale for the stage spectacle has been more than $1 million. And despite a mixed press—mostly adverse—it will continue to prove mass entertainment.

While I watched it I wondered, first, if this production cost $800,000 or $1 million, and, second, how that brilliant technician Jules Fisher, who lit the show, produced the effect of red meteors flying across the dark expanse of the background. As to the rest, despite the ingenuity of Robin Wagner's rather vulgar settings and the sweeping flotsam and jetsam of O'Horgan's direction, I remained almost totally indifferent; my interest was professional and technical.

There is something remarkable in this. The numerous clever devices are striking; I have rarely witnessed such virtuosity. Yet, I repeat, I was never for a moment excited by it. Everything is enormously "effective," and yet to almost no effect.

Viewed aesthetically, the answer to this puzzle is that what was shown had almost nothing to do with what I heard in words and sound, or with the "story." If a company of sensationally agile and naked acrobats were to perform their stunts as an accompaniment to *Hedda Gabler* I should probably react in the same fashion. The incongruity of such proceedings would strike me as less startling than senseless.

Probing further, I realized that nothing on display today can be really *wonderful*. Nothing BIG, I mean. Men walking on the moon provide astonishment for a night and speculation for perhaps a week; they are then taken for granted; we are more absorbed by what's going on at home. Wars, famines, floods, earthquakes, daily murders in public places, portents of universal destruction are reported with routine regret. The visual insult of our streets goes almost unnoticed. (Have you seen some of the eating places on Broadway around 45th Street?) Inflation threatens our livelihoods, strikes abound, there is an epidemic of drug addiction in schools and in the army, and we preserve our cool. The voices of protest ring hollow. Our cities are dumps. Diplomatic overtures begin with a Ping-Pong tournament—which at least strikes a note of comedy. Only very little things like skinny and ragged Jack MacGowran on a bare stage, sobbing out in a dry whinny the beautifully desolate musings of Samuel Beckett can move us nowadays—such things and chance encounters, modest contacts, fugitive glances, and a sky void of mechanical contraptions.

Jesus Christ Superstar is a huge advertisement, a window with gigantic gewgaws for sale. It competes with Macy's parade, the World's Fair. When I was 8, Coney Island was a thrill, but now. . . .

The tunes are rock candy; the orchestrations thoroughly professional. The singers all carry mikes that look like metal flowers, to which long cords are attached. These are flung from one actor to another with great aplomb. The lyrics are pedestrian and often absurd.

Jeff Fenholt as Jesus of Nazareth (or Times Square) has a good voice and face. Yvonne Elliman sings what sounds like a nice old-fashioned Yiddish Theatre ditty with appealing simplicity. Ben Vereen as Judas Iscariot, the evening's star, possesses inexhaustible energy and physical suppleness, and sings with strong dramatic intention. But what drew the greatest volume of applause on opening night was the camp performance and number of Paul Ainsley's androgynous Herod. All these gifts—to what avail?

Still I must be wrong! Though some religious groups cry blasphemy, others aver that *Jesus Christ Superstar* will make the Passion of the Lord real to the younger generation. What sort of youngsters, I ask: primitives with guts and gizzards composed of tin? Wrong again, I saw very few young people in the audience: ticket prices are too high. The "young" that I noticed clapping hands like mad wore dinner jackets and were prosperous businessmen: *this* was their Coney Island, their realm of delight.

As I left *The James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre*, a Los Angeles group, now doing their stuff in the basement of the Guggenheim Museum, a number of people asked me, "What do you think of it?" "Hell," I answered, "I didn't think of it at all, I was in it."

The only "theatre" of the occasion is a pleasant pantomime of about ten minutes' duration, its theme the birth of man and woman, in which Candace Laughlin revealed a charming aptitude for clowning. The rest was gentle fun and games, song and dance in which one is summoned to engage. I participated to the full. I was lightly pummeled, then tossed in the air. While my eyes were shut, as I was bid, I was sprayed with scent, caressed, embraced and kissed by both a boy and a girl. I was then swirled in a snake dance. There were no roughhouse

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COIN

Wrong *is the right word,*
it'll do.
I don't make any mistakes,
absolutely.

When I write a page
it's flat as a shadow.
When I need you
I never let you know.

Told you're wrong
you need two eyes
you can see deep into
to trust that judgment.

And if you see that deep
you love.

You love others
but you hate yourself.
That's right.
Whom should you hate?

Claiming your failures
you don't reclaim them.
You are loved.
Am I saying the right

things about you?
You who count to me
like all the lost
right whales

who may swim yet
in your tears and perspiration.

Sandra McPherson

antics, the youngish members of the company are courteous, their touch—the event is in the nature of touch therapy—is soothing, never for a moment, in contrast to what some such happenings occasionally become—offensive. Send your teen-aged children; they'll love it—as will their somnolent elders, who need a little more sensory stimulation.

The phenomenon is of sociological rather than artistic interest. It partakes of something going on everywhere—and is one of the more agreeable manifestations: the desire of the young to get away, to find relief from *everything*, to depart *anywhere*. It is inspired by a non-ideological, nontheological yearning for transcendence. It is a quest for religion without denomination, almost without belief.

I must report belatedly on a short—hardly more than an hour long—play, *Black Girl* by a new writer, J. E. Franklin, first produced at the Henry Street Settlement, now at the Theatre De Lys on Christopher Street.

It is a simple, funny and sad miniature portrait of a poor black household, which for all its insufficiencies in smooth craft and subtlety, tells more than many a more polished product. Its story is as primary as can be: the youngest of three sisters in a small Texas town dreams of becoming a dancer, is therefore brutally mocked and harassed by all her elders and, finally with the help of a foster sister who has just graduated from college, manages to escape her environment and perhaps acquire an education.

What Miss Franklin discloses is the laughing, frustrated and hate-filled atmosphere of ordinary black folk who live in dismally impoverished circumstances. They lead a desultory, scrubby, morally dissolute life, from which only the mother, divorced from a man who has become a gleaming pimp up North, hopes to extricate herself.

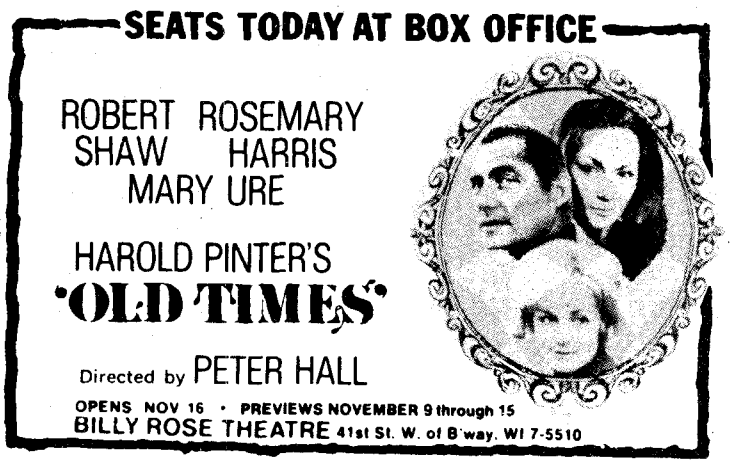
What is special in this situation is the ferocity with which the two older daughters resent and resist their kid sister's vague ambitions. They deny the possibility that any one of them can live otherwise than they do. They loathe the idea: it would make them feel guilty. Our lot, they imply, is normal for blacks; if there should be another way of life, then we must believe ourselves perverted. We are guiltless, because the filth in which we dwell is what the white world has imposed on us; it has made us the slothful beings we are. They cannot abide the self-accusation implied by the youngest of the three. The author does not promise that the little black girl will succeed in her attempt. But, as the God-fearing grandmother says (I paraphrase), "Her life is her own. She can't do any worse than you all have done."

There is neither compunction nor moralizing in the telling but energy, humor and a tearless recognition of experienced fact. The company plays lustily and well; the audience by its open-hearted involvement testifies to the play's authenticity. I particularly liked Kishasha as the frightened but aspiring junior sister, Louise Stubbs as the passionately confused termagant mother, and Esther Rolle as the stalwartly enduring grandmother.

The "religion" without a name referred to in my comment on *The Liquid Theatre* takes on many (almost unrecognizable) forms, as in Ermanno Olmi's *In the Summertime*, one of the entries of this year's rather undernourished New York Film Festival.

Olmi is the comparatively youthful and very intelligent Italian film director whose early pictures, *The Job* and *The Fiancés*, were masterpieces (in black and white) of a tenderly mournful realism. His work has had no box office success in this country. *In the Summertime*, beautifully photographed in color and finely edited by Olmi himself, is not likely to change his luck or to be greeted with special critical respect. It marks a perhaps temporary change in tone: while couched in a quasi-realistic mode, it is essentially a "fable."

It is about a half-cracked young man who earns his living putting pigment on maps. A fanatic on the subject of color, he is dissatisfied with his task because he objects to the color schemes his boss prescribes. He consoles himself by designing crests for nondescript strangers whom he persuades are actually descendants of ancient nobility. For this service he requests a small honorarium. Everybody, he says, is noble, and we are led to believe that he means it. He picks up and befriends a somewhat sluttish and thoroughly ignorant but pretty door-to-door salesgirl of cosmetics, and assures her that she too is noble, though he does not try to profit from the statement. He simply wants to introduce her to the beauty of the natural landscape, its flowers, its enchanting hues. She is slightly bewildered and touched by this, but the moment he gets into a fracas at a garden party and kicks a man who wishes to remove a flower the crackpot says "belongs" to the girl—to her spirit, that is—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she runs away. Shortly after, he is arrested and sentenced to jail as a crook: has he not sold his crests and thereby defrauded the gullible?

I cannot say that this is a "good" picture (it may even be thought "silly") but I found it *molto simpatico*. The loneliness of the queer fellow amid the "American" splendor of Milan's high rises and dazzlingly mechanized and frivolous citizenry is delicately convincing, even moving. Nothing is stressed: the man is a pure fool, a ninny Parsifal, a bent reed lost in the importance and steely heartlessness of the metropolis. The picture is devoid of either hostility or preachment. So whatever I might think of it as an "art film," I liked it.

Of sturdier fiber is Akira Kurosawa's untranslatable *Dodes'ka-den*: another Film Festival offering. It is a picture about the wholly destitute on the outskirts of Tokyo where the heedlessly promiscuous, the wretchedly unhappy, the starving, the laborers who are also drunks, the thieving, the near saintly, the mad, the innocently victimized, in short, the weeds of humanity who take their condition as the inevitable, all live in the shacks of a single community through which an insane youth of middle-class family from the business section of town rides an imaginary streetcar and mimes the motions of its motorman, perpetually murmuring "Dodes'ka-den." The picture is a sort of Japanese *Lower Depths*.

There is a terrifyingly cruel realism in the film (somewhat belied by the color), but it is not "pessimistic." It borders at times on a strained pathos. Yet without mitigating its essential horror, I would say one is not depressed by it. Again I am unable to arrive at a strict determination of its artistic value, but Kurosawa, I am sure, truly feels for the derelicts he depicts. He knows them to be his kin, no matter how debased they may be; he somehow shares in their condition without shame or apology, and he loves them as part of an incomprehensible universe which he unaccountably accepts. His picture is in touch with truth as so few films are which may be more complete in cinematic finesse. More on the Festival at a later date.

Robert Hatch

One of the English reviewers quoted by the importers of Louis Malle's *Murmur of the Heart* (the title should be translated *Heart Murmur*, since that is what the young hero suffers in more than one sense of the term) can imagine no one, "of however delicate sensibilities, being shocked, outraged or offended by it." This assurance refers, I assume, to the climactic episode, a passage of mother-son incest, which is indeed handled with great discretion, but which nevertheless offended, not my sensibilities but my understanding of psychological cause and effect.

Indeed, the whole film did that. Malle has, it would seem from his recent works, reached a stage of cynicism about human behavior that not only permits him to shrug off whatever his people do but to suppose that they will be similarly unaffected. He chuckles over their appalling mishaps—which is his privilege—but he also portrays them as chuckling, which invests his films with a disconcerting atmosphere of idiocy that I cannot imagine he intends.

Thus the 15-year-old youth (Benoit Ferreux) leaps purposefully from the bed of his mother (Lea Massari) after their discreet but quite explicit union and pads down the corridor of the spa hotel, where they are staying for his health, to the bedroom of a teen-age girl where he supposes, quite correctly, that he will be engagingly received. In the morning he returns to the family suite, to be greeted with good-natured raillery by the whole family—father and two older brothers have arrived during the night. He looks suitably pleased with himself, and the mother gets off some such line as "We shall always remember what we did together as a precious experience, but we will never speak of it or return to it again."

For God sake! What is the use of dealing with people, if they are to be shown as utterly numb to what they do and what is done to them? *Murmur of the Heart* is offered as a 1950s domestic comedy, not as a clinical study in emotional catalepsy. Incest is not the only devastating event that occurs to the young man. He is treated throughout the film, in particular by his brothers, as though he were a laboratory animal who had fallen into the hands of sadistic technicians. There is a scene in a whorehouse that is of most exquisite brutality, but again everyone treats it as a jolly joke in dubious taste, and even the victim broods over it only momentarily. The brothers, passed off as fun-loving louts, ought to be in institutions, and the whole sunny ménage is poisonous.

I understand about poison in the sunshine, and if Malle's intention were to contrast setting and content, I believe I would catch his purpose. On the contrary, what he appears to be saying is that life is a great joke because nobody ever gets hurt. That point of view is bad enough in Tom and Jerry cartoons; when applied to alleged human beings it becomes moronic. □

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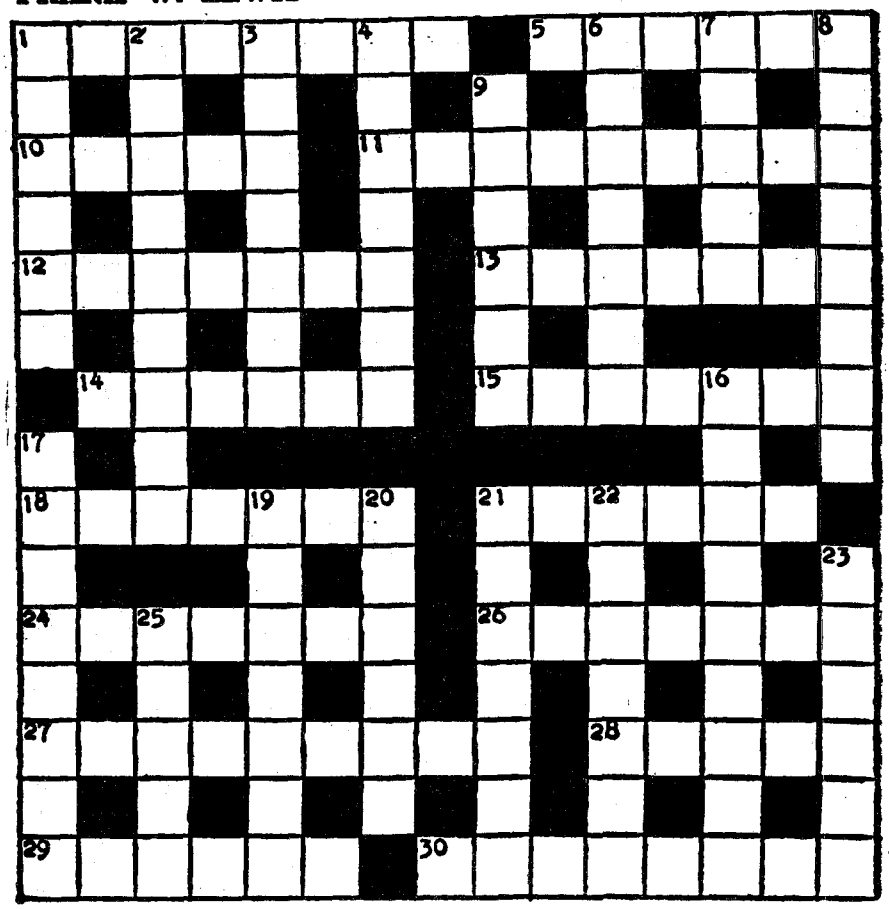
Crossword Puzzle No. 1414

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Little work with the upper class instead of the people! (8)
5 Not exactly the "Devil's Trill," to make it worse! (6)
10 Probably all music is famous in a way. (5)
11 Not a good changing place for 14. (9)
12 The family of rodents that might be associated with shrouds? (7)
13 Where 14 might be kept, set up in the office. (7)
14 See 17 down
15 One might have a nap under the rails. (7)
18 See 19 down
21 See 25 down
24 Carry-out charges are accepted by such types. (7)
26 A number on a wild goose should be in a quiver. (7)
27 It goes over the side of the boat. (9)
28 Celia otherwise might have been a fallen girl in one story. (5)
29 Like what might go on the dog? (6)
30 More formally, 29 in the past. (8)

DOWN

1 Where they might keep food and something to cook it in, with effort. (6)
2 In poets, it could be responsible for formal requests (of small French particles) (9)
3 Young Caledonians put two and two together, even in falsehoods! (7)
4 Intent divided the location of some such people? (7)
6 The automat is seemingly a good place to look for an artist. (7)
7 Might be found near a scene of action. (5)
8 Georgia wrecks? (8)
9 Lets one into a confession, if one does. (6)
16 A principle of safety, or an element thereof, to get the maid up, all in a dither. (9)
17 and 14 across Hitching posts might, with a "Go Slow" indication. (4,4,6)
19 and 18 across Such as the "Alabama" Claims? (7,2,5)
20 Is it a broken leg you need to get some words of commendation? (6)
21 What a religious person does to a saint, particularly those such as Paul? (7)
22 One of those literary accompaniments to royalty? (7)
23 Come and listen! (6)
25 and 21 across A good memory needed when all the ambassadors are brought back? (5,6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1413

ACROSS: 1 Caterwaul; 6, 9, 2 and 25 Where there's a will there's a way; 10 Calumet; 12 Leader; 13 Asia; 15 Headsets; 16 Defect; 18 Lawyer; 20 Surmised; 23 Sits; 24, 19 and 11 The Man With the Hoe; 28 Let down; 29 Dungeon; 30 Speed; 31 Represses. DOWN: 1 and 27 Catchword; 3 Reenlisted; 4 Atalanta; 5 Locked; 7 En masse; 8 Extracted; 14 Permanence; 15 Half-soles; 17 Summed up; 21 Sawyers; 22 Shiner; 26 Yanks.

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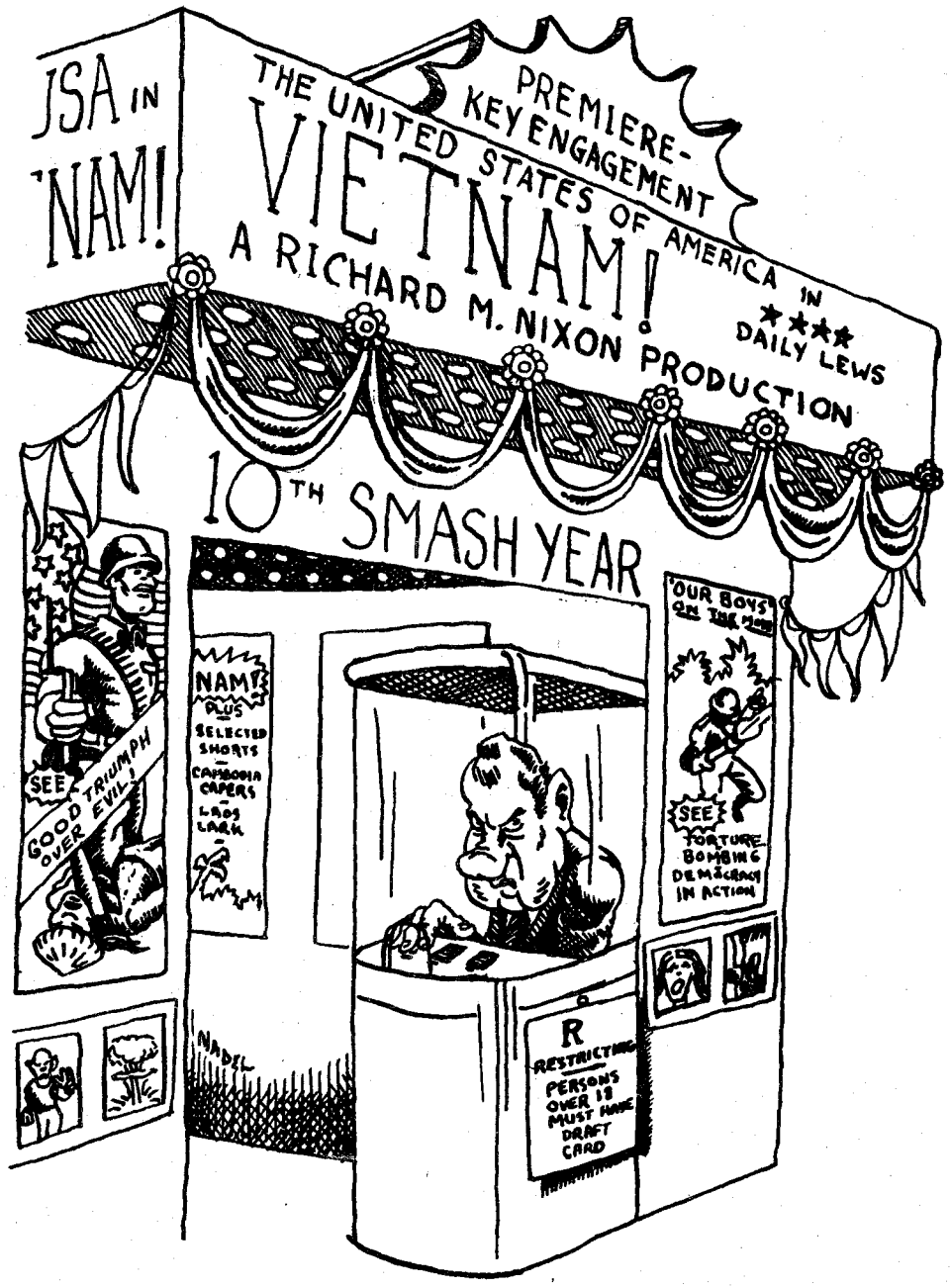

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